



PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES

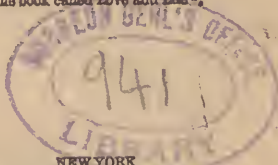
A DIARY OF

1891

EDITED BY

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"The book called Love and Life".



NEW YORK
THE NIGHTINGALE COMPANY

1893

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Recent literature has anticipated many features of this narrative. A newspaper article entitled the "Thrill along the Wire" attracted attention last winter, the phenomenon being a sensation conveyed by the telegrapher's key, the sensation given being peculiar to the person operating the line.

Another paper also of last winter has the following still more pertinent paragraph. "The lover can tell whether all is well with her whom he loves." The writer adds, "The time is not far distant when this new sense will replace the telegraph and telephone among those who are in sympathy with each other."

Here too is a poem of the period:

"I sometimes wish it were really so,
 "As the Buddhist devout declares,
 "That the soul at will could easily go,
 "From its fleshy sheath, unawares.
 "Swiftly as moonlight creeps on the tide,
 Lightly as perfume floats thro' the air,
 "I'd waft myself, dear love, to your side
 "Kissing away all traces of care.
 "Then float above this earth-world?
 "Perhaps. I cannot know or say.
 "When 'round you my spirit furl'd,
 "I might forfeit my life to stay."

The author of the diary is the person to whom I alluded, N. Y. Mkd. Jour., July 12, 1890. The circumstances were the more or less familiar "Willing" game. The subject being blindfolded, another person having a hand in contact with the subject willed that she should

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do this or that--to walk in a certain direction, to find secreted articles, etc. The subject described this game as follows.

Learning that all that was required of me was to follow suggestions, I promised cooperation. I stated at first that I would make no resistance; that if the operator could in any way make me know what I was to do by means of her hands on my back, I would do it. I further prepared myself by putting all ideas out of my mind; for, I thought, unless I am alert and attentive, I shall not be able to understand what it is I am to do. My thought was that I might receive a finished idea or project which would outline what I was to do. Instead, during the earlier experiments I felt nothing but a sense of equilibrium; I took steps in this direction or that to save myself from falling down. I do not remember the sensations which preceded or accompanied putting out the hand to grasp the hidden objects but I found the things without knowing that I was looking for them. During the last experiment, however, I did have an idea and it came about in this way. I advanced to the middle of the room in response to the loss of equilibrium as before. I bent my head and then commenced to feel a puckering up of the mouth and I said to myself: "I am afraid that they are going to make me kiss some one I hope not, for I shall not be able to do it." Then I reasoned with myself about having so foolish an idea. I said to myself: "Put it away or you will not be able to receive the impression they are trying to give to you". I did then succeed in again abstracting my mind so that no memory of the kiss remained but no further impulse came to me. I stood in the center of the room, motionless, not even the loss of equilibrium reasserting itself. I had been directed to kiss one of the young ladies, only women being in the room. I had advanced to her side then had stood motionless and the experiment was declared to have failed.

This experience was corroborated by the operator who willed the kiss and by the audience who knew that the test of a kiss had been agreed upon. The astonishing feature was that the muscular action preceded the kiss and suggested the idea. This order of mechanism is similar to that of the primitive language of the narrative. The mind at a distance here used the lips of the receiving party in the production of letters, words and sentences. This mode of communication is carefully differentiated from that of the more direct transmission of words or thought. In this method of communication the lips did not move.

A very interesting feature is the difficulty experienced by the subject and her lover in the acquirement of their language, which was throughout, I understand, a language of the lips. Direct thought transmission was not acquired by the two at all in the course of their communications. The use of two kisses for words of two letters, three kisses for words of three letters etc., is unique. I

Think this feature an evidence too of the truthfulness of the story.

Mind-talking appears to have been a feature of the "Mind-reading" of the past. It has been recognized also in a scientific way. Sinnott speaks of it as the "Psychic telegraph." (*Occult World*, p. 207.) He adds, "If any one still doubts that thought impressions can be conveyed from one mind to another without the aid of speech or any sign or communication having to do with the physical senses, he is unacquainted with the results of scientific inquiry in this direction." What is called the "Psychic atmosphere" (*Ochorowicz, Mental Suggestion, Humboldt Library, 1891, p. 18.*) seems to play an important part in its production.


When we come to the practical value of this mode of communication, we know that several planes of consciousness, hypnotic trance, the qualities of a "good subject" are of little use in the ordinary affairs of life, our systems of education being in the direction of a binding together of the mental forces and the building of commissural fibres in the brain, making concentration and application of mental force easier and more effective. In the light of Western civilization, Sinnott's prediction that the psychic telegraph might ultimately become the world's possession, is a reversion rather than an advance and a result to be deplored unless with the faculty a high degree of inhibition and self-control is exercised, unless with Boston's young lady, "We can talk but don't."

*To her most Gracious
Majesty, the Queen Vic-
toria, this little book is
respectfully dedicated by
its author.*

"For they just had to be Welsh, you know."

Part I.

"For the woman was so loved that the man made himself into a ghost in order to be with her."



Books have always been my chief joy. Books possess an atmosphere of content. Books never reproach one, never disturb the most irritable mood. Books are friends who know when to keep silent, when to speak. If I should add the school-room to the free library, I would certainly have named yon the pleasure-grounds of my childhood. This was, however, a library where one could wander at will, climb the ladder for oneself and bring down the volume to which in unreasoning

ways the fancy strayed. Had there been an unmeaning catalogue to be consulted and an unsympathetic clerk to be applied to, at least one child would have gone without mental food during those early days. And what food it was—Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and Ruskin. And what delight did the last-named writer give to one little girl. How she would read one paragraph and stop, choked to the full with its loveliness of imagery and suggestion. And then the wonders opened out by Tyndall. Is it any cause for remark that this girl should have had no room in her mind for lovers at the time when her feet first strayed into this new and most beautiful world of thought? Is it any wonder that a passion for learning took hold of her, threatening to overwhelm natural impulses and to supplant natural duties and even home ties. Books were in childhood my only joy. As I have grown older the study of human nature, sunlight, sky-effects and scenery add to my pleasures but at that time my appreciation of these was very limit-

ed. People, as a rule disturbed me. The mental attitude of the person I am with makes me vaguely unhappy now as then. It is not necessary that the person should regard me unkindly, she may be simply disheartened or angry with some one else; but, if unhappy, I shall be in her company also unhappy. The people with whom I am happy are people who do not borrow trouble, people of a sunny disposition. Particularly do I seek physical buoyancy in my friends. I go into this analysis as perhaps throwing some light upon my later experiences. I have in no respect altered since my most childish recollections. Always I have had these characteristics, they distinguish me still.

I have never had robust health and as a child I was even delicate; yet my longing for the ideal world of my thoughts was so great as to brook no denial. I matured a plan for leaving home and teaching school, the only avenue toward an extended education which was open to me. My ideas as to what I was to do in this world of thought

were vague. Only to be there was all that I asked. I can add that this has remained my ambition I have never aimed at competition or special excellence or to do things for the sake of their accomplishment but always for the sake of the atmosphere of learning, the rapture of acquirement. This is undoubtedly a low view of life but truth requires the statement.

I then commenced teaching my first school. I gave it up before the term was over. I was appointed to another school and gave it up before the term was over. I was tried in other positions and failed in all. The sensitiveness which shrank from a thought was exposed to the savagery of childhood. For children are not gentle, they are not kind, there is an element of rudeness in them which must be met by force and this, I never possessed or never cared to exert. I might explain that these were middle grade positions. Once I was employed as instructor only and here I did well but there was no one to tell me: this is your place, government requires sterner stuff

and so for the sake of a larger salary I again tried my former positions with a repetition of my former lack of success.

At this juncture my self-estimate was very low. I gave up the hope of a liberal education and in my twenty-second year secured admission to a large training school for nurses, already a disappointed and in a certain sense a heart-broken woman. There for two years I had hard work; I had back-aching, feet-aching work and it was good for me.* I came out

*I am requested to add another circumstance associated with this time. My religious feelings also underwent a change. I was converted at an early age. When eleven years old, I was taken by my grandparents to my first prayer-meeting. Only about eight or ten persons were present. The lesson was upon the passage, "This is a faithful saying and worthy", etc. A statement of the greatness of God, the comparative littleness of man together with the fact that Christ came was simply and quietly told. I think that I realized these facts for the first time and as the love of God shown in Christ became known to me, suddenly a glow of light and warmth like that of a flame entered my heart. Later, almost immediately, doubts took possession of me. When sixteen years of age I united with the church of my people simply because I could find no reason for

with nothing forgotten and something learned—something of friendly sympathy added to my previous egotism—something of helpful earnestness in the place of my former shrinking unreliability. I also learned to utilize my peculiar sensitiveness for the benefit of others. I found that while I suffered as others did not suffer, I also could understand better than others what the patient suffered—where and how she was sick. Indeed I suffered with the patient if closely attendant upon her. I

staying outside of the circle that united my friends and family. For several days previously I had been struggling with my thoughts. I took the 5th and the following chapters of Romans. I went away by myself and read these chapters verse by verse. I said, "I believe that and that. I do have faith; therefore I must have peace, although I do not realize it. I do believe; therefore I will place myself upon Christ's side." In this decision I felt as though I were opposing a tremendous power but I persevered. I rose in the congregation and made my confession in these words: "I do believe 'that Christ died to save sinners of whom I am chief'; if that is to be a christian, I would like belong to the church."

I was received, of course, but the peace which I sought did not follow. Upon the occasion of my baptism, I felt myself surrounded by the unseen world.

had the same pain, the most unlikely symptoms would be duplicated. At first when I suffered in this way I thought that I was myself sick; later, upon discovering the rapidity with which these symptoms disappeared, I learned to disregard them, except as a knowledge of them enabled me to add to the patient's comfort. In the hospital I acquired, too, a new power or a power of which I was not previously conscious. I found that I not only suffered with my patient, I could out of

Spirits seemed to be contending for my soul. Afterward, possibly from exhaustion, for a time my doubts left me and I was a little happier but I did not remain free from their visits and the faculty for appropriating skeptical allusions remained until I entered the hospital. Here, within the first month, the entire phalanx of my doubts disappeared. Whether my nervous energy was in other ways so absorbed as to leave for them no sufficient creative power or the realities of transgression and suffering, made me long to rest upon the gracious promises of the gospel, I do not know. Whatever the reason, I did then believe in them gladly and this nerved me to many an almost impossible task.

The above entry was made toward the end of this experience. It was associated with an incident which I am

my own healthier organism lend her strength. I found that the patient's weak will could be assisted. Vomiting could be checked, for instance, and sleep induced by my own strong mental intention. By the exercise of this power I have brought patients through to recovery after probabilities and the medical staff had given them up. I might add that this power is consciously or unconsciously exerted by many nurses.

But to come to my more recent history. Notwithstanding

now, still later, asked to include. I was telling the story of my conversion in response to some one's questions and about in the words given, when a voice came swiftly and clearly to my ear with the words:—"Mamma, I have found Jesus." A few seconds later a person near added,—“And then they knelt in prayer.” Now the voice which came to me was swift and distinct in its utterance, different from the voices of my people and others who were near. It resembled somewhat that of the strong woman who came to me in May. It was as tho' she had been given the words, had come swiftly to speak them and had added the sentence: “They knelt in prayer”, in the hearing of others, lingering a little on her way as she passed back.

In my story I had omitted something. At the time of my conversion, I said nothing and I walked home slowly

my impressionable character, I had never been in love, when the fates threw me in the way of a man who pleased me. In fact, he was the man of my dreams so far as I had allowed myself to dream at all—a man of affairs, of sunny temperament and an almost unlimited capacity for work, both physical and mental. I have said that the fates threw us together; how or why, it is not necessary to recount. It is enough to say that the circumstances of our case made it obligatory for us to break up the enterprise which we had together and to separate absolutely. It is said that “Love laughs at lock-smiths.”

with my grandparents but, arriving at the house, I burst open the door and rushed in calling out in an excited way “Mamma, I have found Jesus.” She answered me quietly and afterward prayed, both of us kneeling. I recall that she was doing the family mending that evening; my father was away from home and did not return for several weeks and he has no recollection of her having told him of the incident. During these experiences I have had other reminders. People have recalled minute circumstances regarding me in a way which has suggested the fact that our doings are known and remembered or written above.

Well; out of this forced separation a new strange faculty grew. Previously my lover had developed a delicacy of perception which exceeded my own. He found that he could kiss me through space and so much in harmony had we become that we seemed to sleep and wake together*and in our correspondence, knew when a message was written or received. If I were too busy to give attention, I said so in thought and was understood. Actual meaning was not at this time understood but negation was understood. Later we learned to talk.

*I went to sleep at nine o'clock and was waked up nightly—waked up by a kiss. Later, when I told this, the people said, "Love himself hath visited her".

The quotations, which head the Parts were Refrains, used by the people in the "mind-reading". That for Part II was given me from the other world. The circumstance was this. My father came to see me. As he entered the room, I noticed that his face shone and there flew from him to me, a presence, which settled over my head, enveloping me—my father went away to get his lunch. Later, I was told that Somebody had asked him to come and that he took him home and left him at the door with a big kiss.

Part II.

The man, who could "come like a flash of lightning and wrap his Love in a shining shield."



ARCH 30th.*—I have been lately startled by curious little sensations in the left side, now in the arm, now in the foot or hand or leg. These have been a great many times repeated. The right side is now touched also. Sometimes first the left and then the right side is touched. I understand the words *left* and *right* but of their meaning I am in doubt. I have a number of surmises but

*The diary proper begins here. Part I was prefixed later. I commenced the "writing up" as it came to be called as a history of events, mutually important and finally preserved it as a record of the language, its development and the uses to which it is put.

all fill me with anxiety. Today this anxiety seems to be recognized for the *right* has been exclusively dwelt upon and I have decided to trust to this assurance for its author is well-nigh invincible in matters of management and if any trouble which threatens me can be made right, he will make it so.

Friday, April 3rd.—Somebody seems to be studying Ziemssen's points. He can now pick out a number of sensitive areas while I can only say "Yes" and "No". The first, I do by mental acquiescence; the second, by mental objection. Sometimes the complications are, however, a little funny. He knows always whether I am occupied or passive and a touch of the eye-lid asks whether I have gone to bed. On Friday I was on the cars and as quiet as though I had composed myself for sleep. This seemed to puzzle him a little; for, about ten o'clock, came the touch on my eye. This question, of course, I could not answer satisfactorily.

Tuesday, the 7th.—I have some

new signs. The ring finger of the left hand is first touched; then, the ring-finger of the right hand and last, the fore-finger of the right hand. Again the ears are touched. First, the left ear which, I understand, is to remind me of *last year*; then, the right ear. This, I think signifies *next year*. In memory of last year I send a kiss. About next year, I am, of course, prudently doubtful. The other signs, I may be able to explain later. Possibly they will be found quite without significance,

Thursday, the 9th—I have been quite sick—Somebody did not seem to understand my idleness, so I tried to explain that I had the Grip, spelling it to him—g-r-i-p, giving a separate mental impulse to each letter. He seemed to understand that something was being spelled but not its meaning, for he seemed pleased, which could not have been had he really known what ailed me. I was answered in twenty-one letters, a combination which I could not make out.

Sunday, the 12th—Something funny has happened. Somebody

eems to know almost everything. He certainly knows whether I am busy or not and seems to know whether I am doing head-work, running the type-writer or walking. Yesterday evening began a series of signs. My attention was repeatedly called to my right ear; then, to the crown of my head, my hands and feet, seeming to ask whether I am going to work so hard with my head and my hands and whether I am going to run about so much on my feet next year.

Tuesday.—Dear Diary: Altho' I have so much to do, I must tell you of the siege which I am going through. As I told you before, somebody can tell almost what I am doing; always knows when I think of him and is not pleased unless I think of him all of the time. Now you know, Diary, that this would be inconsistent with business success. So far as I can make out he objects to my using my head, hands or feet for other people. Signs are directed to the head, hands and feet repeatedly and then to the nose. Now

the nose means *No*. I seem to be asked to promise that I will stop this kind of employment, as they are all followed by a sign to the right ear and behind the right ear meaning, I think, next year and after. I could not quite agree to this and the signs were continued all night. About two o'clock a sign came to the pit of my stomach. To this I willingly assented; I too was *hungry*. I will add here a certificate of sanity which has come to me from my physician unsolicited. I think it will answer as well or better than one in due form:—

_____, April 13th.
_____:

I am very much interested in your new business. You have ideas and energy enough for three fortunes and seven reputations.

I neglect to say that somebody is also felicitous in the use of slang. For some time this puzzled me. The sign was to the cheek-bone. It is being made at this minute. I understand now by the repetitions that he thinks I have great *cheek* and I send a kiss in reply. The next sign is to my nose indi-

cating that a kiss won't make the matter right; so you see, Diary, how serious the situation is. Another sign is to the chin. He wants to come up and *talk* it over. Other signs are to the jaw and upper lip. I think I am asked whether I *scold* or *cry*.

Wednesday.—Somebody advances rapidly. He can now put two words together. Signs now come also to the right and left temple with the meanings—*right* and *wrong*. As a rule signs to the left half of the body refer to something wrong.

Thursday, the 16th.—I have been going through such a time, that I have forgotten what happened yesterday. Somebody wants to *come up** to talk things over. I was a good deal worried about this and my feelings seemed to be

*This sign was to the leg below the knee. Another sign was to the breast-bone. This meant myself or "y-o-u". A sign to the heart meant love; to the right side, over the liver, its opposite or anger. A sign to the arm-pit meant a question; a sign to the right arm below the elbow, a handwritten and a sign to the left arm below the elbow, a type-written letter. The crown of the head located the "understand" sign.

appreciated for immediately there followed a series of regrets. I should scold him, he was sorry he had been wrong—quite wrong with other efforts at conversation, which I failed to understand but which occupied the most of the night. I could not say No, either, so as to be understood. At the present time, Y-e-s is being spelled to me over and over again. This is done by three kisses.

Later in the evening.—Peace has been restored. Somebody says he was wrong about coming up, he says that there are two people within him, that one of them is very bad, he says that he has been very presuming. He tells me this by a sign to the left cheek.

Sunday the 19th.†—I had been more or less occupied, reading and writing my thoughts being pretty continuously shared. Toward evening I went out of town to visit relatives. On the stairs G. said: "I will go along" and this he did, commenting now and then so far as

†Events here crowded upon one another so fast that this and subsequent entries were made after the lapse of some days.

our limited vocabulary allowed and appearing to enjoy his visit. One of the family was sick and, the trouble being considered too trivial for the family-physician, I was asked to see the case. I told G. that I had a patient.

He quickly rejoined, "A m-a-n?"

I said, "Y-e-s."

He repeated to himself, "M-a-n."

I explained that the malady was a b-o-i-l and that it had to be c-u-t."

He then seemed to agree to my proceeding with the case; but himself went along, making various inquiries and remarks during the treatment, so that my friends asked me why I laughed. He, meanwhile, seemed to enjoy his position; he was there to look after me; the patient was a man and he repeated, "C-u-t m-a-n."

It was funny for me, too, and I explained the details as they came up.* That night we did not

*I am now at a loss to understand how we did this much talking. I can only suppose that like the baby who gets his first language in kisses from his moth-

sleep. Conversation was still spelled and in spelling only a few letters were understood. Meaning was guessed at and I remember being very, very tired and trying to beg off. I said, "I am so tired of spelling," repeating t-i-r-e-d and s-p-e-l-l-i-n-g many times and failing to be understood. I recall another word which failed of recognition. Along in the night. G. said to me, "I am here", meaning that he thought he was really present with me.

I said, "Well, then you are a ghost."

He said, "Why?"

I said, "Because you take up no room". Then I added, "You are a substantial ghost." The word—substantial—was a new one and its ten letters were a pretty big combination to guess; besides, the idea of G. as a ghost made me laugh and this added to his perplexity. Finally I substituted the word—fat. He was a f-a-t g-h-o-s-t. This he under-

er's lips, we advanced and receded in the art, what was gained on one occasion being lost before the next.

stood but I had added insult to injury. Why was he a fat ghost. I then explained to him that as he was there and yet took up no room he was a ghost; and, I said further, a ghost must be of the size of the person or it would not be recognized; hence, being a ghost, he was a fat ghost. Still, his muscles did not relax, he was not fat and I was too nearly exhausted to make the original word clear. During the night we advanced from a primitive form of speech, which was but a series of kisses, through the spelling ordeal and the use of words and sentences to complete utterance.* I think that I never did, before or since, such severe mental work. G. had so much to tell me. We talked of the future and a number of times G. repeated, "Good partners in business, good partners in life". He told me nothing definite but I trusted that somehow things were to come straight. I had gained the impression that he was

*It is suggested to me that G. could talk from the beginning, that the difficulties of communication were upon my side only. About this I do not know.

free or would be free in the course of a year. I had not asked about it, not wanting to know the circumstances; but now, toward morning, I asked when his wife went away. He said that she had been gone three weeks; he said that they had had no misunderstanding; she had simply gone, taking the baby with her. This was for me the beginning of a series of shocks. He had not realized that he ought to do anything; he had not thought of anything but that he was free and he had not had in mind anything relating to his freedom but me. He simply shut up his house, went to a hotel and did nothing. I expressed surprise and he told me that he thought she had gone away with some man.

I told him that I could not believe this.

"But," he said, "She had very little money."

"Well," I said, "Women have grit. It is not unlikely that she is starving somewhere at this minute."

"Starving with my baby!" he

repeated. To say that he was distressed would but poorly represent the situation and together we planned what he was to do the next day. He was to employ a detective; he was to hunt her up; and we relinquished completely our thought of future happiness together. We were still cheerful, tho', in a way, and I still laughed hysterically now and then at the idea of G. as a ghost. The sense of his personal presence continued. It seemed to me, too, as though he was really there and we were almost embarrassed when my friend came in to call me. Said G., "What would Rebeckah say, if she knew that there was a man in the room?" Talking was now, however, put aside and we both became occupied with our own thoughts, so that while passing to the depot I was surprised to have spelled out to me, "B-u-i-l-d-i-n-g l-o-t-s". I found the words on a sign-board at which I had unconsciously glanced. We talked a little on the cars, he accompanied me home; then, leaving me at the door he went on to his office.

Monday, the 20th.—G. must have been late at the office for he on arriving, he communicated with me immediately, telling me that his wife had been there that morning and had made a public complaint against him. I am glad to say that her complaint did not in any way refer to our relationship of which of course she did not know. The complaint was fictitious apparently and he was in the utmost excitement of indignation. He would not take her back—he he would not take her back into his house. He would take the baby away from her. My memory is here confused but the baby was to be brought to me and of course there were difficulties connected with this scheme. Anyway he went home that night, telling me as he got to different parts of the route—in one breath telling me, “Not to think of him, he had so hard a thing to do;” and in another telling me, “Not to leave him or he would not be able to do right.” But he left me at the door, he did not take me into the house and I felt that I was again alone and

free. When he had got well into the house a sense of weeping came back to me but I said, they are crying together and everything will be made up.

Quickly, however, there followed the words—"My baby is dead."

"After a while I asked, "When did she die?"

He said, "She has been dead some time—two or three days I should think."

And then I asked, "Where is the mother?"

He said, "I don't know; she isn't here, only my baby, my little girl."

I said, "Who is in the house?"

"He said, "Nobody, only my dead baby."

I said, "What do you mean? Is she in the coffin?"

"He said, "No, on the bed and not nice, not nice at all—in her old clothes. My baby, my baby!"

It was getting late—it was eight o'clock, nearly. I asked G. what he was going to do.

He said, "I do not know what I am going to do." A minute lat-

er a shiver of horror or rage went through me but before I could ask what was the matter immediately he said, "She is here, she is in the room, she is crying."

I said, "Of course she must cry. What does she say about the baby?"

She doesn't say anything, she only cries." A minute later he added, "She is afraid of me."

I said, "Of course she is afraid of you. I would be afraid of you, too, if you felt about me as you did about her a minute ago."

He repeated again, "She is afraid of me and she won't speak to me and I do not speak to her." A minute later he said, "Now she is talking." The baby died on the cars, it had been sick ever since she had left home. After a while he said, "She has gone, she says that she must sleep at her sister's tonight as she has her things there, she says that she has been at her mother's." adding, "To leave her own house and her dead baby!" and then again he said, "I think that there must be another man."

I said, "O no, I think not, she is afraid of you."

Said he, "Is she afraid that I might kill her? No; but I might hurt her; 'though I don't know how; but—"

"Yes," I said, "I think she is wise." I said this to change the current of his thoughts: and to divide his lonesome responsibility. I suggested that he go to his family physician and ask what he had to do: and I remember asking whether he had his over-coat on as he went out and locked the door.

It was quite a walk—took a half hour, I should think, then he had to wait a few minutes. The doctor at first said that he would come over in the morning but on second thought he said, "No; that wouldn't be enough" and declined to have anything to do with the case. "Then," I said, "Why not go to a lawyer? Do you know any lawyers?"

"O yes," he said. "I can go to a lawyer."

"Well, go now," I said. Another long walk followed. The lawyer was not at home. "Is he a

good man?" I said, "Worth waiting for?"

"Yes," he said, "A very good man."

"Leave a message that you will be in early tomorrow, and go home now; that seems all that you can do." Then I told him to go and get something to eat and I remember that he got a ham sandwich, a glass of ice-water and a piece of pie—at this minute he tells me, a piece of apple-pie. He then turned and went back to the house. He was not particularly nervous—told me that he thought he would sleep—told me that there was nothing to fear in his own dead baby, that he would lie down on the lounge in the room.

He did this and tried to sleep but would start now and then. I reassured him as well as I could—told him that his nerves had been overstrained, that he would be all right in the morning; when he gave a great start and sprang up. Then I thought that it was time to do something and I said, "You must not stay here tonight; it is

too much for you to stay here alone and nothing can happen to the baby. You must not stay alone tonight."

He said, "You are right, I must not stay alone bnt what shall I do?"

I said, "Go to a hotel." He got up and dressed and hunted up a place but when he got there found that he had not money enough in his pocket to pay for a room. Said he, "I can't do it, I must go back."

"No," I said, "You must not go home—not, if you walk the streets all night. You can do that; some men have to do it and," I added, "A well-dressed man like you will not be molested; only tramps are told to 'move on'. Go to a park," I said, "and then you can sit on the benches when you are tired—sit down for a while and then walk again. If the policeman notices you, say that you are in trouble and can't sleep. Any man would see that you are in trouble I am sure." He appeared to acquiesce, walking on as though he had no ideas of his own.

A half hour only had gone by when he came very near to me, saying, "You will have to help me now." He said, "A '\$5 woman' is coming to me. She is speaking to me now. I shall have to go with her, I think."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "Because I can't get away from her." He added, "But I will not go." Then getting very close to me, he said, "No, no, no;" and then added, "She is gone."

Another half hour and he said, "Now help me; two are coming." Then he added, "But this will not be hard. Usually they come alone."

I asked, "What do they do—speak to you?"

"No," he said, "They don't always speak to you: they sit down by you and coax and wheedle you."

These two were disposed of and another, the sense of his presence being lost to me for an instant in every case. He continued to appeal to me and after the first encounter I had no doubt in regard to the unmitigated evil of

the interests represented. I had not felt at all on the subject before, not understanding and letting the question lie, but now I made up my mind that these women should not have this man and I put forth as much effort as I was capable of to save him. Finally the fifth came and he said to me, "Here is another and now I know that I shall have to go. She is one that I know. Yes, I am sure that I shall go now. I know I shall go with her," and again he was lost to me.

I now waited without hope, feeling that the limit of my power had been reached. He again returned, however, saying, "She is gone."

I said, "How did you get rid of her?"

"I told her," he said slowly, and hesitatingly, "I told her that I was engaged. It is a good excuse to give them. They don't interfere with one another. I meant to you."

I said, "That is so; you are."

This pleased him and he said with some glee, "I can always say that now." Soon after, however, he

said, "I think that I will go to her," meaning his wife. It was about midnight and he went, again taking me with him to the door; when he left me. A minute later he came back saying, excitedly, "She is not here, you see I was right after all." He stayed there all night. I recall asking whether the people were kind to him and then I went to sleep. At six o'clock or as soon as it was light he wakened me. He was in a very happy state of mind—told me that I had been with him all night. He seemed to have been watching me—told me that I had slept—told me that she had really *left*, afterwards touching the ring-finger of the right hand many times. He was so jubilant, in fact, that I cautioned him. I said "A man doesn't look happy when he has the errands which you have today."

He said, "You are right; I must be careful today," and he went down stairs. I asked whether they would give him his breakfast and he said that he must not wait; he had so many things to do and that he would get his

breakfast down town.

Tuesday, the 21st.—I do not recall where he went or what he had for his breakfast; I was probably eating my own. I don't remember his going to see the lawyer but I remember his telling me that the lawyer would attend to the whole matter. Then I recall his saying, "I think that it will be just as well for me to work today." As to myself, I felt utteriy used up although I had slept and I did no work but lay down the whole morning. I came upon Olive Shriner's love Dream and I read it to G. or rather he read it with my eyes as he not infrequently pronounced words before I had recognized them and later, when we wanted to exchange tokens, he asked for the Dream. I told him that he would find it, not cut out nicely but roughly torn out and I told him that this was a sample of the bad business habits which he was to correct; for already he had taken in hand my spelling and various grammatical defects; together with othert faults among which the omission under consideration

might be included.

I recall that in the course of the morning we spoke of the possibility of our being insane; we were tempted to think that our minds wandered. I at least had that thought. By a more or less rapid progression we had become possessed of a new language, as it were. Where we had been before dumb and without knowledge we now knew and could talk in a way which was unintelligible and even inaudible to others; it is said that the insane hear "voices" by others unheard and I asked for a sign that I was not alone in my fancies. G. then, reassured me by telling me the time which I compared with that of my own time-piece. This he did a number of times during the morning—there were two of us; the insane were alone in their delusions: we had *little jokes*; the insane, we thought, did not laugh. Then we utilized our language. We talked of this a little and surmised in regard to the parts which we could play with each other's assistance—we could *tell time* without a watch—either of us could

in fact furnish any information of which the other was possessed. I thought that I could assist G. in his examinations should he go up for a medical degree; while the ways in which he could help me were endless. Already, as I have said, he assisted me in spelling and points of grammatical construction in which he considered me weak. Still I was worried and G. proposed that we send each other something, previously agreed upon, as a test of the reality of our strange experience. G. asked for the Dream as I have related and I was to receive a letter, which he wrote and addressed. Once he asked a test of me and along in the afternoon, he said to me quite suddenly, "I need you very much; I am going to be sick—sick—I thnk very sick. What shall I do?"

I said, "Can you write a note?"

He said, "Yes, I can write."

I said, "Write a note to your doctor and then sit still where you are until he comes."

Later I asked, "What are you doing?"

He said; "Sitting at my desk and looking like other people."

A little later he said, "The doctor is here, he is going to take me home with him in a carriage. He has a carriage here."

Every once in a while I asked, "Are you there?"

He said, "No. It is a long drive."

Finally, he said, "We are here. We are going up the steps."

A little time elapsed and he summoned me with great earnestness. Said he, "I have got to have you up here right away. They are are going to take me to an asylum."

"Well," I said, "Probably this doctor isn't the right man for you; he is a doctor for babies, you know. It will be all right—I will go with you and whatever happens to you there you can tell me and if it is not right I will do something about it."

"*All right*," he said and in the course of a couple of hours he was taken into a carriage again and after a long drive into the asylum without any difficulty.

He arrived there and in a few

minutes summoned me. Said he, "I want you here right away."

"What is it?" I said.

"They want me to go to bed," he answered.

I said, "Why not? You are going to have medicine probably and have to be in bed in order to get better."

"All right," he said.

After a little he called me again.

"What is the matter?" I said.

"They want me to take off my shirt."

I said, "Well, I don't see any reason for that. I think that they will let you keep on your own shirt."

He said, "All right."

This difficulty had just been arranged when he said, "I am not going to get on here at all."

Said I, "What is the matter?"

"They want me to pass my water in bed."

I said, "Well, why not? You are in bed—Aren't you—and you can't very well do it anywhere else."

He said, "All right but it isn't

the way." I do not remember all of these incidents but there were a number of them and it was the same with his medicines, all of which had to have my approval. About midnight he slept and waked next morning in a very quiet state of mind—so much so that they planned saving him from any future imputation of insanity by representing him as a guest of the family. He was invited to breakfast with them and was told that it would pay him to make that much of an effort and that they would give him something to eat first to brace him up. He asked me what I thought about it. I was pleased and told him that he could do it, I thought—that he need not exert himself to say much—that he probably looked nice. G. is a little vain of his looks and I said this thinking that it would help him to pull himself together.

He said, "Yes, I do look pretty well, I think." Still it seemed to take all of the force he could muster to get through with the ordeal of going into the room and after-

wards he was ready to be put back to bed.

Wednesday, the 22d.—I had slept and had been calm because I expected the letter which was to assure me that I was not deceived by an insane dream. But the morning mail brought no such letter. This in connection with the surprising character of our experience shocked me very much—I was so much troubled that G. asked me what was the matter. It was the letter. The letter had not been sent at all. It had been lost out of his pocket. He would write me another letter. He said, "Now, that has gone and you will get it quite soon." Then, every once in a while he would ask me whether the letter had come. The letter was sent by a boy and boys never went straight on their errands. He would send me another letter, this time by a man. "Now," he said, "You will get your letter—you will get two letters, which will both come at about the same time." He then added, "They say, send for your doctor."

I said, "I will wait a little and if the letters don't come I will send for her." (*the doctor*)

"No," he said, "They say send for her anyway. Don't wait for the letters. Send for her at once. They think that your position is too much for any mind to stand.

As the morning wore on things became—I have no suitable word—*unreal* will do—I had no letter and so many promised me and I felt glad that the doctor would soon come to take me in charge.


That afternoon there seemed to be two men with G.—very idle men, they seemed—I thought, very poor nurses. I think that I said so once or twice—said that I would have to come up and show them how to take care of a sick man—teach them not to talk and go over and over all of the things which he should forget—teach them not to stir him up to analyze that which had been too much for a well brain. I referred to our experience—I was very much worried and hesitated about answering the questions, which he

said that they told him to ask me. I said, "I don't think that this is good for you at all. Are these nurses or doctors?"

G. did not know.

Part III.

"We cannot worship, we cannot pray; we can only live in faith."

HE cross-questioning of that day was the commencement of a series of similar interviews which for a number of nights deprived me of sleep. So-called doctors, lawyers reporters and members of the *Theosophical Society* all of in turn interviewed me. The object was always friendly—our story was to be substantiated or our sanity was to be proved. I should perhaps, have stopped answering but scarcely know that it would have been possible—the experience was so strange—the manner of communication, so new; and then I was, as a rule, wakened for

the conference out of an evening or morning sleep. Besides I felt that I was in the hands of friends. Any way I answered all questions patiently, sleeping when I could and writing only fragmentary memoranda from that date.*

April 25th.—A well-known voice came to me in the early morning with the following words: "It will be with us as it was with him; there was a time when she could have withdrawn herself from him but now she must accept him with all the consequences. As it was with him, so with us. There was a time when she could have withdrawn from us; now she must accept us with all the consequences." The voice had a singing ut-

*A number of times I was told that there would be a meeting of the Theosophical Society at my house or that people would call upon me at a certain time and I prepared myself and gave orders relative to the appointment which subsequently was found to mean merely a mental communication or the marshalling of a number of such addresses from various parts. During these interviews G. had seemed to be present. I heard him speak from time to time. Indeed, he tried to brighten a little investigations which had become very tiresome, "interluding to make h-e-r laugh." After this time I lost sight of him.

terance and the words had the effect of echoing repetitions.† The waking-up was accompanied by a sense of pressure on the forehead or fore-brain. The two preceding nights I had been awakened at the same unseasonable hour with the same sense of pressure on the head.

May 4th to 23rd.—During this interval a series of astonishing events took place, including reputed communications from Charcot of Paris, and from Bebinsky of Russia by the “deep-sea-sounding wire.” My own mother was made to appear to come from the dead for the purposes of this history. I had also a series of communications or dictations—for I took these down verbatim—relating to G. and an estate of which he was the heir. I had communications from an Uncle represented as on his death-bed and from a woman, an ancestress of G. who also came from the beyond. I experienced also certain physical

• †I was told that this form of utterance was characteristic of the Blavatzky discipleship. Many of the earlier communications had this form.

phenomena including what appeared to be electric disturbances together with a series of bodily convulsions in myself. These were of the hysterical type,* varying in

*These seizures were chiefly characterized by difficulty in breathing. I yawned continually and a number of short, shallow respirations would be followed by a long gasping or sighing respiration. I would vomit and there was a generally heightened sensibility with loss of nervous control. Tremor and cold perspiration and an anxious dread accompanied these seizures. I was simply frightened near to death. I recall begging that I might be spared further surprising manifestations. The most severe convulsion that I had preceded the communication by G.'s ancestress. I lay upon the floor, fighting for breath as though in the death agony. I never before had spasms of the general muscular system and not since. Circulatory disturbances such as cold extremities with perspiration, tremor and fear are symptoms from which I suffer as a rule when out of health. The two varieties of spasm occurred both simultaneously and alone in the course of this experience. At this time the muscular spasm was uncomplicated. I simply fought it through and was immediately warm and comfortable. The convulsion lasted perhaps an hour; while the complicated spasm would last hours and would leave me with a dusky look and a feeling of weakness. Consciousness never was lost. On this occasion I went immediately to my desk and the woman commenced speaking. I insisted upon taking these communications. I thought that if they important enough to be listened to, they

degree from slight spasms, such as stiffening of the fingers to a general stiffening in which the respiratory muscles were involved. I received one communication, referring to the opening up of an old asylum† from which hordes of mites—a species of lice, microscopic in size—spread over the country. I suffered from sensations which might be referred to this suggestion. Other plagues

were important enough to be preserved.

I asked a question of this woman in regard to the condition of the departed—the peculiar features of life in the beyond. She told me that I could understand but little about it, that the majority of people passed over into an intermediate state; a few passed directly up near God. This was sometimes true of inventors: Invention, it was said, was a drawing near to God—a seizing of the things of God and bringing them down to men.

Many of the statements made to me were not put down because they seemed too incredible for consideration. I have I find, entirely omitted to mention this woman's husband. The man was summoned from hell or forced his way out to interfere with her communication to me. A club seemed to be held over me; I kept on writing until the woman herself stopped and it was then said that I had "passed by the mouth of hell."

†This communication was by a woman who had been an inmate for many years. As I was taking her down I was called from another direction in the name of

followed, all in some way depending upon the asylum disaster. The last plague was a promise of flashes of fire which would burst from the ground and might appear anywhere; these flames were to burn up impurities only and do no great damage to property or life. On May 9th this plague would reach the vicinity of New York. It was for me a night of great nerve tension—I lay upon my back, not daring or wishing to move—I lay sleepless and almost without stirring the entire night. I was helped or visited several times during

Charcot. I told the woman that I was called and by whom. Said the woman, "The great Charcot who has done so much for the insane in Saltpetriere?" I repeated this remark and the reputed Charcot replied that this word of appreciation from an asylum repaid him for the work of years. He asked me to have a copy of the exact words sent to him. I must say that with the accompanying circumstances these long-distance communications had an air of reality which was highly impressive. I listened and replied when I assumed an attempt to deceive but the possibility of a true communication from a great distance was too much for me—the idea made me faint and weak—heart and brain both failed at the suggestion. The communication from my mother was even more disquieting.

the night—among others by G.'s ancestress whom I had now learned to call the strong woman. My mother was brought near again but I asked her to go back. I recall being told that the lower part of the city was in confusion, that the people were afraid of their houses, that they crowded the streets and climbed over one another in their efforts to reach a place of safety. The following nights were almost sleepless. On the night of May 10th the street-cars seemed to be out in full force all night. On the following night fire-engines were out. I understood that in both cases the horses had become unmanageable and were taken out to quiet them. On another night I was surprised from sleep by broad flashes of yellow light

On the following night I was inclined to sleep but was repeatedly waked up by the voice of a little old lady who chanted and a man who told me that I should see something on the wall. It was as though a lantern exhibition were in progress, the man, stand-

ing by, pointing, and the voice of the chanter furnishing the explanations. Now I was continually falling asleep so that I cannot give more than a fragmentary description of that night. Once I was wakened and told that I would see the sun, the earth and a star. I looked and did see on the wall a yellow or flaming sphere the size of an orange followed by two dark spheres, one smaller than the other. They entered the field at the lower portion of one side and passed diagonally across it, the little old lady repeating, "And the moon batted the earth and the earth batted the moon," many times.* At another time I was made to see a field of moving spheres, approach-

*Some days later I noticed a flickering light near the horizon and was told that it was the moon which had been drawn too near the sun and had ignited. This catastrophe had disturbed the solar system so that we no longer revolved around the sun but had rolled off into space preceded by the sun and followed by one of the smaller planets and the still burning moon. I learned later that this role was taken by the Bartholdi Light. I have not myself investigated this light but it still flashes out low down near the roofs of the houses as before. The moon too is in its accustomed place.

ing and retreating and threading intricate paths. Here the little old lady chanted, "And this is the battle of Armageddon." Later a good representation of a comet passed across the field alone

This was a time of dread. I was told that the harbor was destroyed, that the continent had parted in the middle† and that Manhattan Island was now far out at sea. Our position in space was also a matter of speculation. I was told that we were in danger of being whirled off from our planet. I was told that to make my own roof more secure a barrel of gravel had been deposited upon it. Later I found that the forward chimney had fallen.‡ I can not say that at the time I either believed or

†In December this expression was again used and then it seemed to refer to a parting of the psychic atmosphere. (OCHOROWICZ, *Mental Suggestion*, Humboldt Library, 1891, p.21) At this time too long-distance communications were frequent and conversation, once commenced, was with difficulty terminated and it was a rule that while we might listen safely we ought not to reply if the attention were to be controlled.

‡I am now told that this chimney was intentionally destroyed—that a man was paid for the service.

disbelieved these surprising suggestions. I thought them of importance enough to keep my record but I was in a state of extreme physical weakness with recurring attacks similar to those already described so that for the time nothing seemed to matter.

May 23d.—I find my office-stamp at May 4th, the date evidently, when I ceased to attend to my business. I continued in a state of extreme weakness, occupied with communications, which for the time seemed of importance sufficient to blot out business requirements.† I was environed by the miraculous and business engagements were forgotten or refused.

† At this time I was addressed by many distinguished people. I recall a short conversation with Curtis, who in turn presented me to James G. Blaine. He asked me about my life and work—what I had done. I replied that I had, in one sense wasted time—I had been interested in a paper. "One must waste time and money on a paper," I ingenuously explained. "A paper is like a child. You nurse it and expend your resources upon it, in time it may repay you or it may not." The great man said slowly in a reminiscent way, "She has a paper which is to her as a child."

As I listened, my left hand which lay

May 31st.—For a week I made no record. I felt weak and confused. This morning I went to the Park. It being Sunday I was asked why I did not go to church and pray, why I did not read the Bible in my time of trouble. I replied that I felt like Elijah at the mouth of the cave when the whirlwind and the fire passed by. The very air was heavy with the strange experiences of the month. Voices came to me from incredible distances with impossible tales. I felt as though I were in a new element, a new world. A voice, seemingly that of an old man, added "We cannot worship, we cannot pray, we can only live in faith." A generalized conversation followed.*

upon the table was moved. I became conscious of the motion but allowed it to go on. The fore-finger was made to describe a curious character which I was told was the Russian for God.

I do not recall any other conversation of this kind. The question of church organization was broached together with certain recent difficulties in various religious bodies. These church differences seemed less serious to me than to some others. The church which has in its keeping a distinctive truth has in this truth a reason for existence. It is perhaps impossible for us to grasp all truth

June 2d.—Returning from breakfast my attention was attracted by the city's noise. On listening it resolved itself into a measured chant or dirge. I was told to think of a street like Mulberry Street—a street in which the people, when at leisure, congregate for neighborhood talk. On this occasion the street seemed full of people who walked up and down or kept time with their feet as they sat. The burden of the chant was their houses. Their houses could not contain them. Their apartments were small, their rooms were crowded, they could not get around in their houses, they could not find room for themselves. The chant became a cry. In varying cadences and a variety of words the wail was multiplied and repeated over and over.† They asked about

If then religious truth is to be preserved in the world it must be by segments.

† This was a time of chants, which were often very impressive. The people who participated, the audience, could be recognized by agreement of the pace in walking and when sitting by a drumming of the fingers or a tapping of the foot. At one time an entire street or section of the city walked with a single tread. At this time voices


myself and the lover who could "Follow like a wreath of smoke." They had heard that he was the heir to an estate, he had been spirited away. They had knowledge of these matters, they had powers, they would find him for me.

exhibited superior musical qualities, the musical characteristics of the ordinary voice were present, heightened and purified. It was as though the chanter had received power to realize his dreams. My sister, a sweet little singer, usually, developed an "Angel voice" and the "Sweetest voice this side of paradise." A tenor took on soaring qualities equally effective, seeming to rise high above the city. This was out-door music and the voices filled the auditorium apparently with ease. Singing tones were the rule. True musical compositions could have been rendered on this plane I think. The chants, as I have called them, were simply improvisations, the rhythm depending upon the arrangement and repetition of syllables. They were impromptu and without effort after musical effect. They were music, however, primitive music, I think. Writing down always disturbed the people so that I was not able to preserve any specimens of these compositions. I recall that the chant required a central idea or thought common to many minds; then there was a leader who improvised the arrangement and maintained the rhythm and usually another who supplied words. The intonation varied with the matter and with the leader. The three-day chant which I have elsewhere described was a dirge-like recitation rather than a chant, so great was the volume of sound and the seriousness which characterized it.

I awoke early the next morning to find the chant again in progress. The following morning the chant was reestablished but in less orderly measures, lapsing into a confused murmur which rose and fell in volume, becoming louder or less loud with the rumble of passing wagons and the sound of the horses' feet. It seemed as though any regularly recurring noise could be made a vehicle. Last night words came to me with the grind of the street-car wheels.

Part IV.

"Well, Oh well! that is what we think about it, that is what we think about it. Well, Oh well! Well, Oh well!"



I AM now closely followed by what seems to be a remnant of the choruses of my previous experiences. My work, which is mental, is read off and my thoughts voiced in concert. In translating I am followed often by a person more ignorant of the language than myself who has to be literally towed along by my own mind. Again I am followed by a person who suggests words or construction. In both cases thought is interfered with so that the resulting work differs from what would have been my own. Tired of translating I try copying when sentences are re-

peated for me from the eye-image even in advance of my own mind.

June 19th.—The following continues. One or more voices persistently repeat my thoughts going on in a monotone which ceases only at intervals which can be identified as times for eating and sleeping. One in particular has been so prominent that I have been asked whether his interest was in me or my story. I replied that the man had very little interest in me personally, that that he was simply, I thought, unable to control his mind. A woman's voice here remarked, "The man is not sick, he can still reply to questions and talk for himself. If people are really sick in this way they can do neither but on-

*This man was called, the "Man with the drum in his head." He said that he had beat a drum in his youth and he had a faculty for making a noise, for getting up what came to be called a "Mind-read row," for marshalling sound. He was the organizer. I have repeatedly detected intention in this matter, an evident effort to add to my pursuers. He was in almost constant attendance for months, I was later told, by the order of my enemy. I was told that this enemy had power to reward the man and that this power was accorded to her by various business interests of the city.

ly follow the minds of others.

July 1st.—The persecution continues and I ask myself whethe life is any longer worth living. In the past I have always been able to shield myself from disagreeable effects, I have been able to lock my door against the intruder. Now people may come to me unbidden, voices may fill my ears. Books even fail me, words and sentences being droned out almost before they reach my own brain.† I seem to stand alone separated by a gulf from the past. In complete solornness I, who have never cared for the pictured features of my friends, now have resorted to some old photographs have ranged my whole family in miniature before me and have obtained some sense of refuge from their inanimate likenesses.

This morning I had a little conversation with one of the mind-readers. Some of these peo-

†Later I was told that in my case while perception is reasonably quick the "making known to consciousness" is slow. All of my judgments are slow—visual judgments, I think, with others.

ple seem to have had previous experience of this kind.* They speak of "crazes" as though they were of no unusual occurrence. One man had done mind-reading for years. In another case it was a family gift; they had not given publicity to the fact fearing to be thought "queer." One young woman stated that she had done "Mind-reading" ever since childhood, that in her native town even children understood the art, that as a child she could "haunt" people and make suggestions from time to time. She said that she must be first acquainted with the person thus haunted. It was said that in a craze people do whatever the mind-reader tells

*Later a number of people spoke of a mind-read time in their youth. Information came to me in regard to it from both Eastern and Western States and from England, so that the phenomenon would seem to have been wide-spread. My own family had known of it. They had not told their children about it because it had been forgotten in some cases and in others because of a superstition in regard to it. This mind-reading extended from about 1847 to 1852 or 3. I am told that a period of financial depression followed, culminating in the reverses of 1857 and 8,

them to do. A woman from Maryland said that this was the only way to get along in a craze. I then asked the mind-reader, whom I took to be a physician, whether this talking were recognized in text-books relating to insanity. He thought not, he did not regard it as an insane development. The "voices" heard by the insane were supposed to be imaginary, the product of the diseased brain; it was not known that conversations such as ours were carried on by the insane.

I then asked whether books on psychology mentioned the faculty. He thought not, he did not believe it worth mentioning. The "craze" simply came and after a time it went. It was true that some of the people affected did not resume their former places—as the Maryland woman expressed it, "They dropped out of things." This was, however, but a matter of course. I said to the mind-reader that such an experience ought not to come upon a person unprepared, that it ought not to be again possible for such an ex-

perience to develop and the sufferer have no resource in a previous experience or record. For myself, I was ignorant of the existence of both mind-talking and the astonishing scenic effects which I have recorded.* Said the mind-reader, "Had she had such previous knowledge those effects would not have been produced."

July 5th.—I am discouraged, the following to which I am subjected is nothing less than a hounding of the mind-read person and the results are most disastrous both in the fatigue induced and in the annoyance to myself and others. Even my business callers are not free from this impertinence. I am driven about. Tired of one kind of work I try another; while my friends, become discouraged and give up the attempt to call upon me rather than be drawn into the vortex of such

*I understand that the medical profession of the city were equally ignorant. Even a prominent alienist had not known of the existence of this mind-talking. The main opposition to my "writing up" came from business interests—people who in some way make money by mind-reading.

espionage. I ask myself how I have become a mind-read person that this atrocious thing should be possible. I think that it has been due largely to my frankness in answering questions in the early part of this experience. Being without any known reason for concealment, I gave to the public in regard to my thoughts and life as well as my story. I have no other explanation. It is hardly possible that I have been of importance sufficient to induce systematic investigations on the part of mind-reading people.

July 10th.—There is a peculiarity of the following to which I am now subjected. The mind-reader uses his own words. At the same time he follows my thought. If I think of my troubles, the mind reader takes my troubles as his theme. If I say to myself, I have not been wise, the mind-reader comments upon my lack of wisdom. If I say, I am not getting along, the mind-reader says, you are not getting along. The effect is depressing. Were not Job's "friends" mind-readers? I recall

that these friends so analyzed Job that for a time he could only moan in reply. Later I note that there are among my "followers" a man and a woman who unmistakably wish me some injury. They are practiced mind-readers, that is to say, they are able to haunt or follow closely. They persistently interfere with my work, repeating over and over any effort of my mind. If I try to formulate a thought or to write a sentence they accentuate the mistake as well as the finished work, so that progress is almost impossible. Yet, without work such following would, I think, make a person insane or idiotic or drive him to some desperate act.*

*I did at a somewhat later date arrive at the verge of desperation and fled—I think that not an inappropriate term—to the house of a relative in New England but I was followed closely by the mind-readers and everywhere recognized as a haunted person. On the steamboat and cars their words were distinctly heard by the other passengers while at my friend's home they simply pervaded the village, singing out their repetitions with the buzz of a saw-mill, the dominant noise of the place. The situation was intolerable and rather than subject my people to annoyance I re-

During August I continued the more or less constant use of morphine, during that and the subsequent months running up to grain doses, two or three in the course of the day. I found that it helped me, it favored indifference and a degree of calmness which made the management of my own affairs still possible. Without it I presume that I would have exhibited my exasperation in some absurd way. To morphine then I ascribe the fact that I was able to hold my own and to preserve a certain balance of judgement during my stay in New York. I returned home before the end of a week, being still closely followed, the repetitions being ground out with the noise of the wheels. On my return I resorted to morphine and with its help settled down to more or less consecutive work.

I neglect to notice something about Boston. The few hours spent on this trip in that city were comparatively comfortable. I found there something of a sense of protection, a stability of equilibrium, which was wanting before and which was subsequently lost. The following was interrupted or carried on in subdued tones. Here as elsewhere I was mentally addressed at times by people passing me on the street but less frequently and in a more indifferent way. One young lady expressed the sentiment perhaps when she said in passing me, "Yes, we can talk of course but we don't."

ing the remainder of this time. With its assistance I was able to meet people as though nothing were the matter, and I was able to transact what business was left to me on its usual lines; without it, I would probably have acknowledged myself ruined, in which case an insane asylum would have been my refuge. I cannot speak too gratefully in praise of this drug. I find no entries for August; it was a very trying month worse even than July in many respects but lived through so that September found me with a small piece of work

This was altogether, however, a curious time. Many persons developed the power to come close. Some of my own people could come "Like a flock of doves thro' the window," and in ordinary intercourse the electric tension of the individual was unstable and a slight shock on coming near a stranger was not uncommon. I myself experienced repeated shocks on one occasion, several oscillations of tension occurring before an equilibrium was secured. Illumination of the countenance in the presence of a stranger and altered pitch or quality in the voice were not uncommon. These changes appeared to depend upon a little perturbation of mind. I noticed them particularly in women and after sitting with the person quietly for a time her "self-possession" would be restored.

accomplished. The doing of it was however, like pulling against the tide or travelling with a ball and chain.

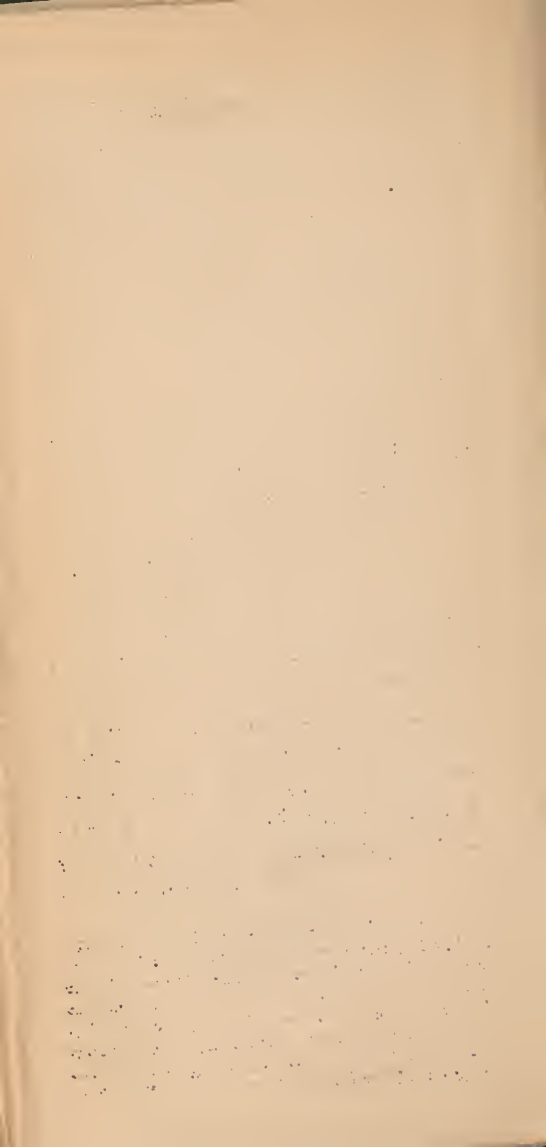
September 26th.—I received today a name for my diary. As I waited for a parcel in Hearn's dry goods store a cash girl looked me over in a speculative way and toward me gently floated the words, "The book called love and life." In the summer my "writing up" had been named *Love* and I had objected for the reason that there was so little of love in the record and so much of life and suffering—only enough of love, I said, to make life tolerable. A child has combined the thoughts.

October 6th.—I read yesterday of a young woman accused of witch-craft. Her neighbors avoided her and the story grew until the girl ended the matter by becoming apparently or actually demented. I can understand this and I doubt whether without my own little establishment and freedom in regard to morphine I could thus far have maintained my mental balance. My work is

still unfortunately of the mental order—work which can be easily taken up and followed. If the difficulty persists, I must try to get into some kind of mechanical employment; this is, however, not an easy thing to do with such an escort. The song is now, “Well, Oh well! That is what we think about it; well, Oh well!” etc. I am now and then, too, asked about G., whether I do not hear from him. I do not. The “following” would make a private communication impossible, without any special reason and this is not wanting. Several persons have distinguished themselves at various times by efforts to *steal the message*. The signs are sent to me by strangers and my lips even are moved by them in the old familiar way.

“For we cannot speak when absent,
 “Cannot send our voices from us,
 “To the friends that dwell afar-off;
 “Cannot send a secret message,
 “But the bearer learns our secret,
 “May pervert it, may betray it,
 “May reveal it unto others.”





SEQUEL.*

Subsequently we seemed to gain access to the spiritual world. During the winter of 1892 we were surrounded by the souls of the departed, who spoke with the accents of the ordinary voice or represented themselves in some familiar attitude or costume, distinguished people by a by a portrait or familiar cut. John Bunyan, Shakespeare, Columbus, Bonaparte, Washington, Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, Mme. de Stael and Elizabeth and members of her court were some of the noted people thus recognized. Thomas Aquinas spoke once or twice. I understood that they were always here or near the earth. Indians also were represented—on one occasion these seemed to be out,

*I am finishing my book—March 22d, '93, having bought printing materials and set the type, working it through upon a hand-press, myself. I commenced setting the type in Jannary '92. My health gave out in May and I did not again resume work until the latter part of September. The author and the editor of this history are, of course, the same and as I close it, the mind-reading—the haunting continues.

lassooing wild horses on the plains and on another, a noted man, a *medicine* man, I was told, seemed to be delivering an address. Finally, along in April, in the place of the expression, person or soul, they began to substitute human being, for they said, there are other beings not belonging to our race about. One night in April such a being came among my people. I received a communication from this man and thro' him from others but the whole time was clouded with forebodings; so that all united in trying to prevent these communications and to destroy, if possible, the medium through whom they were made. I learned that even over there talking had to be limited, that especially during a *time* the best that could be done was to keep quiet or, as one expressed it to me, lie with the face to the ground until the time had passed over.

Appendix.

Later in the Spring I learned I many new things. I asked questions and for a time received unhesitating replies. My own family could talk to me. I remembered that when dying my mother had looked at me and then toward the foot of the bed. She now told me that a company—two or more—women, she thought them, like herself—came for her, that they expected to take her away in the morning and that they came and went all day, keeping watch of her and finally taking her with them some hour after midnight. It was winter and I asked her whether she felt the cold. She said that they surrounded her and took such care of her that she could not. Later I learn-

ed that they do not feel cold. Wind, they can appreciate but they seem in themselves warm; with several of them in the room the night air became warm like that of a June day. But to go on, a brother who died in an asylum said that quite a company came for him. I might add that I found the boy as he was before his mental disease. An Uncle, who died on the field of battle, said that there were many of these people waiting about. A little brother, "three going on four", met some people who asked what his name was. Washington remembered his coming, he thought, because he came from Minnesota in the year Minnesota was admitted as a State. Garfield added, "We like to see the States come in". Another baby, too little to go alone, was "picked up" and brought in. I was told that they were angels or "other people" who performed these services. I was told that rail-way trains often carry these "scouts". Over there, too, the people are helped by them. Said one woman, "We can can

upon the angelic host." They were, however, unknown to many and either helped them without recognition or did not help them at all. I asked the man that talked with me who they were. He said that they served the Lord of Hosts. I was told that they were known to the earth as the "big fellows" in some parts at the present day. They stood about eight feet. There were others, I learned—small people—smaller than myself even—who seemed to be women and had a place where a child was taken in and made happy. The man who talked with me once said, "That holy book of yours is a great institution. And Christ. Do some of your people think him only a man? We think he must have been one of the greatest of the angels or even God himself." He added, "The miracles even have never been equalled." A day or two later Christ himself was represented as present. I was made to see the picture of the "Good Shepherd" and, later, the "Behold I Stand at the Door and Knock".

He did not speak to me directly but through the man who had talked with me and they remained near for a number of days. There was no restraint over there; every one did his own pleasure but in the doing of it every one went to his own place. They referred particularly to the Social Evil. Of the people they said, "And we can do nothing for them." I was told that Christ lived four days' foot-journey upward among the Jewish people with whom he was brought up. Later he spoke of infanticide. The child should have the chance of eternal life. And it seemed to me further that the term was not used figuratively as with us but that "life" means continuance of being, while the "lost" seem to disappear or cease to exist. As one said, "They pass away and are no more".

At a later time the place seemed over-crowded and the situation was at short intervals changed by marching manoeuvres and once a company filed down into the street. I could almost see the

figures and the tread was that of armed men. At this time the atmosphere was frequently freshened. This was done with a noise of friction. I thought that clouds were rubbed together and the quality of the air immediately improved. As I tell this some one's attention is attracted. An old poet has seen this: they are all here—Sophocles, Homer,* Pindar and the rest. They are favorites—they to whom the gods show themselves. And then was added, "And they whom the gods love do not always die young: they live to grow old in a disgraceful occupation. It does not matter where you live or what you do if they want to come to you." None of them could write, they could only tell what they saw and people believed—it was not thought strange in those days for the gods to show themselves

*I was told that Homer lived in the the third century, B.C.. He "had something to do with art." He dictated his works. He hired a man who could write and had them taken down, word by word. In reply to a question, "No; they were not sold but recited, he granted the privilege of reciting them for pay". An

to men. The people believed in omens because they sent them

Other things happened during this time which showed me powerful spiritual forces.* I once

dromeda was a woman that he knew. Plato had his writing done by his own slave. That did not mean that he was rich. "A man may own a slave who cannot afford to hire one." And that slave, he said, was around there still. Plato lived in the first century, B.C.. Euripides lived in the seventh century, B.C.. He recited and managed his own dialogues, hiring a place for the purpose. Some of the dialogues were funny enough to be acted again and again. Praxiteles reminded me that Venus had not been inquired for. Venus was removed from the sun early in the Christian era. She lived on her own planet; then, she went away to another place. Praxiteles lived in the first century, B.C.. The Latin writers were there—Juvenal, Horace and Livy. Nero was there with others who excelled in the races. The German poets were there. Heine had talked with "them". Hiawatha was given to Longfellow by a "voice which spoke to the soul". The Scandinavian poet tells me that he came by his version in the same way. "Some one seemed to stand near and tell him what to write". Fingal lived in the fifteenth century, B. C.. The spirits of the hill were known to everybody then. The ghosts of the past appeared only to a few. He recited his "pieces", they were not sung.

*I had at one time tangible proof. I lost a brass door-key, of the usual size. The key was lost on the floor below. Failing to find it, I returned to my own floor and was breaking open a window, when the key dropped from above my

saw things overturned and the location of the spiritual kingdom swept away from me as a disk is turned. At another time, I saw the clouds put to one side and rays of light slanting downward which, I was told, came from God him-self. Later, I was told, that the sun, moon and stars were inhabited by celestial beings. Where a body is luminous, it is said, they are there. The middle of May for a number of hours the sun appeared to be double: I am told that one of them journeyed a distance from home. I am told, too, that a being in the sun has, in a way, charge of the earth. He turns the earth toward Him and away from Him. He has nothing to do with the alternations of day and night, if the earth goes around the sun, yearly, he does not know it, he does know that the earth is flat. This man—Phoebus—asked of Christ; whether he could teach an irasci-

head, past my hand, to the floor, having been transported to the height of almost two stories. I do not recall the date. I did not put it down. It was about the time that Christ and the angel came down to me and nothing seemed strange.

ble man to keep his temper: without that they could not appear before Him. He said that no other people had been favored as the human race had been; there was no other Christ.† He said the people who "disappear" from the earth's circle go to the sun and other places, where they belong. He said there were others—much greater than he—who who would be glad to learn how to become right in His sight. Jupiter and the rest of them were there in charge of the motions of the other planets. Here some one exclaimed in wonder and admiration. He said, "What seems big to you seems little to us and what is small to you seems big to us. We think it a great thing to have a Christ. Two or three times he said that self-control and patience before insult and injury seemed to them great. The planets were inhabited and their people came there. Here some one remarked that on account of its

†During this time we came into conjunction with another planet—they said it was Vega—some of whose inhabitants came over to us and I asked partic-

sulphur the sun's atmosphere could not be breathed by living human beings. Said he, "Nor by dead ones either. We make that to keep them down where they belong." And the earth was made to tremble a little to show that the communication was true. Another person pushes the earth away when it comes too near. If this is neglected, we have a time of drought. His anger makes hail. This person was the God of the Pentateuch. Christ came from One above. Moses and Elias came from Him when they "spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem". The incarnation was an effort to present a sinless world. I asked about the other worlds. "Yes, efforts had been made for them but not this effort. He thought that he would, in a way, come himself." This person moves the sun a little now and then. All had themselves sinned mightily when on earth in the past and he

larly about this. They had no Christ and no Law so far as they knew. Later I heard from Mars. A woman spoke. They have no oceans but water mainly by irrigation,

was not sure but that Christ's mission was taken out of their hands. The Holy Ghost, if it comes, is from above. He asked why it was promised and the answer came from one of Them, "We thought that we would come if we could". Phoebus had a message for me, too. The person who came to me last year was one of the archangels and I was told that at the time one came to tell the little boy that I had "found Jesus". The Washingtons heard about it at the time. He had asked them what was meant. One Sunday an angel talked with me. He said that he thought the human race ought to be fit to come acceptably among them. Nothing was said of holiness or sin but this thing and that they would not have around. I was once told that nobody need be without hope. It was thought that one might escape from hell. One time last year I heard a sound like the closing of a steel casement and I was told They dig canals through lime-stone rock going deeply until they overflow. Crossing the planet are the reservoirs of the people. The revenues of the government

that "the time was put back". I was told that hell was opened to let out the lice which over-ran the earth last year, that hell receives "all things that offend" as well as "they who do iniquity". The March of the People marshalled Siberia and was conduct-

are derived mainly from the sale of water. Press-gangs do the work and the water is sold at a Denary a pound. Mars, too, is flat. I asked whether they have newspapers. The necessities of life occupy them—they dig, dig forever. On Venus, life is still more difficult. In Mars women work at about the same occupations as the men. "Where women are necessary for the support of the household they are not ill-treated." Five children are a small family. The baby is carried in a sling and nursed while at work. They have a printed literature derived, mainly, from North America, with which continent they are in juxtaposition. Hiawatha, they think, might have been located in Mars. The hand-press is used. Steam is too costly. Government is by the deity. A few million years ago, Jupiter took hold of Mars. There are two lines of reservoirs, one for the North-land and one for the South-land. They have priests of Jupiter and Mars and have to propitiate both of them, although the exactions of their religion are not at the present time difficult. The time when human sacrifices were demanded was worse. In Venus the grain is planted mainly by the Government. They have a day of only six hours. They worship Venus and Mars and the sun, too. Human sacrifices are not interdicted and, in order to please them, they may

ed from the other world.

Later—along in September—we heard from a more remote period. Abraham was there. Isaac was with him. Sarah was as attrac-

send a soul over to plead their cause, If he is not received, it shows that their anger is not appeased and the anger of the gods means drought and famine and catastrophes by sea and land. These deities all belong to the black race. Mars has our moon. The earth is a day-orb. It rises a little way but does not set before night comes. The earth is luminous for Mars, they have no stars. Venus has three day-lights—the sun, the earth and Mars. All are luminous, All rise but a short distance from the horizon. The sun travels only half-way to the zenith for Mars. The average day-temperaure is the same as that of the earth. Mars shows a white face to Venus, that of the earth is faintly green. To Mars the zones are visible—one green and two white with two variable parts between. Our telescopes are located by their reflected light at times seeming to equal the sun in brilliancy. They saw the Lick Observatory in construction with a glass used for calling the men to dinner. They know that Mars is flat because a man is underneath dead; only, in Mars they do not say that, but “they go among the living.”—well, this man can talk to them. He lost his foot-hold and rolled over and over until he got there. He is continually signalling the earth, too, on account of the loneliness of his lot. The man says that he is our own Marco Polo. He perished of hunger. Mars has no flowers and I am told that the beauty of these is the work of elves—they paint the lily and the rose, the crystal is by cunning fingers set, they make the sunset-glow.

tive as ever. In reply to our curious questioning, she said that they understand English as well, almost, as their native tongue—the Chaldee vernacular. They have some command of other languages but speak no other so well. Some languages are too complicated; the Babylonish is so encumbered with idioms as to be difficult for a stranger to master without the help of a Babylonish woman. Women possessed the learning of those days, men served the gods in other ways. Noah was there, he was an artificer in wood and metal. The ark was of gopher-wood fitted at the seams. Gopher-wood is peculiar; the parts fitted together adhere. Hearing of Noah, some one said, “Then the flood really happened”. He replied with some energy, “Do they doubt that?” Some one then asked whether the whole earth was destroyed. He supposed only the people who required to be destroyed. In fact, the country flooded was the Land of Egypt and the people destroyed were Ethiopians. Noah came out of Hindostan. He had still, the

people of that time near him. They said that "if he was going on to glory, they would hug him closely". They waited for him, quite a company came after him when he was killed—"He had to be killed, you know, or we would never have got him at all; he lived so long," This was from a woman who loved Noah and waited for him." Everywhere I found people colonizing around the person "who knew God" or "them". Angels were with him almost constantly while the ark was building and "they still come now and then". Later, I heard from Adam and Eve. They were united somewhat like the Siamese twins. Both they and Adam and Eve have been cut apart since they have been over there by a strong angel, carrying a sword. Adam looks like a young man of not more than thirty-five years. Eve was always carried and Adam has between his shoulders, a cushion of fat for her to rest over. He also has a pouch in his side to carry the baby in when there was one. Of course he had to ford streams and carried a stick. Seth

was their oldest child. Eden was located where Babylon subsequently stood. In Eden they had a language free from gutturals. Later they learned a "lingo" from the aborigines whom they found outside. These aborigines had, as a rule, on one finger, a prehensile claw. They, (Adam and Eve) were driven a long distance, northward and their time was largely occupied in finding wood for fire and getting food. They used the bow and arrow. the spear came later. They found cutting instruments scattered about everywhere, they thought, purposely for their use. They learned from the aborigines to put the ear to the ground but were told how to light a fire with flints. It was difficult to strike them just right., They had been as long as a day and a half, working all night, and as long as two days and a half in finding fuel. Adam died a violent death and Eve died naturally within two days. They spoke of the coming over of children to them from us. Their children did not die. The aborigines, too, lived to maturity.

and died a violent death. In reply to a question, he said that they had no enemies; the aborigines were kind—they were gentle—these people of the woods—but they could not do much for them, they were so different; they could not climb. These were little people, only about four feet high. Adam was only five feet, four while Eve was a head shorter. God came to them in Eden only as a voice. He did not talk with them later but after they died, they found that He had prepared them a place. Of course they came for them and of course he stayed and they all waited for her. He would not care to go over, if he were not known unto “them”. The place to which, they were first conducted, was not where they now were, they soon asked for a place, where there was wood to hew and rivers to cross. The aborigines were with them. Noah added, “There are unoccupied wildernesses here as on the earth and colonization can go on indefinitely.” Neither the aborigines nor the people among whom Noah lived were

long-lived. Thirty to fifty or sixty years was the usual term of life. Things went on with them mainly as on the earth. He asked about Christ and the gift of the Holy Ghost. The words seemed to attract attention for he added, "They want to know, too", meaning the aborigines.* Here I seemed to see a mouth and some one "licking his chops" and I asked what it meant. Adam turned and brought into view a large wolf-like dog. He is told that they are wolves, adding, "They are fond of us".†

All of these conversations ended with an inquiry about Christ. Abraham wanted to come right

*As I write, I am told that at a Western Post Indian ghosts come to the camp and stand around until they get some one to read the Bible to them, that sometimes they ask for a prayer and, "Well, the Colonel can pray a little". I hear at the same time that human sacrifices are no longer to be required of Mars if they, too, "name the name of Christ and keep his precepts", "and the Law, too, of course". Human sacrifices are the rule on all of the planets.

†At this late day, I am told that Carlo the black dog is there. One time last year the little boy came down to me on Broadway with a little friend. The two boys were running along and laughing because it was such hard work to keep up with me, when a great dog, a

down to see him. Said he, "If he was the Son of God or even informed by angels of high rank, don't the people see that there is a privilege to be seized". Moses was there. Some time ago I was told that there were placed around here and there, stone tablets having passages from the Bible written upon them. I now find that Moses attends to all this. The Book of Job was given to Jethro, who seems to be a favorite—"He was, at the time, the only person, who could take it in." He could not write and had to get Moses or some one else—whoever was willing—to take it down. I might add that they made a great impression upon us. As some one

St. Bernard, perhaps, bounded down to the street and brought them home, lifting the little fellow over the parapet, the other one tells me, taking him up by his skirts behind. I am told that he doesn't really like the dog, however. "He shuts his teeth together so hard". These dogs can talk. Carlo can talk a little and the St. Bernard can talk well. Adam's dog says that he sees no reason why they should not keep the Law, too, and he wants to know why they are not included in man's duty to his neighbor. Panting is an infirmity, limited to the hunting breeds; it is brought on by hard fields.

put it, "Those men with whom God talked, we like all of them".

I am asked to tell what I know about their way of life over there. I found more or less uneasiness among the recently-arrived. Spurgeon spoke of his work, the Prince regretted his yacht and Husted looked about to find out why the money did not come in faster. Romeo and Juliet are together and I am told that Romeo was a sailor, that he went to the tomb to "mark her down" and she was there and told him to come to her. Juliet was not good-looking and Romeo's name was just John. Both were about thirty-five years old. Romeo tells me that they are occupied with the fortunes of the family. Now and then they prosper the Capulets—they favor marriage with the opposing faction. The "nurse" was an old woman, who sold charms. She was hired by him, when he went away, "to keep her from harm". Romeo once had an elfin child, which troubled them both, greatly, because they did not know that these can come by themselves.

We had cases of apparent death. They went over and then would come and go, one for eleven days. The President's wife went over for three days and returned. One went over during child-birth and the baby went along, the little body living still on the earth. Another baby could run away before she was born. She was held to the little mother by a ribbon and she couldn't go far. This baby has been told that her name is Amy—Little Women Amy. Babies are very cunning over there. They perch on the shoulder and I saw a person with three or four, climbing over her at one time. I am told that a place is given up to little babies, who lie in nests everywhere. In another

A number of children were down here last year. One little boy stood around so long that some one thought he was lost and put him into the Randall's Island Infant Asylum. He stayed as many as ten days and a number of people saw him. One little girl remembers the angel-boy. The nurse noticed him, undressing and saying his prayers. He says that he once had a bed to himself and that other nights he got in with another little boy—littler than himself—a good deal littler. Finally, he wanted to go away and "they" came for him.

place are Wordsworth's babies—little chatterboxes, one and a half years old. He takes care of them. Children are born over there, too. Many of these belong to the angels Thorwaldsen's veiled figure is an angel and the baby, he carries, is his own. One of the gods is represented over there, forever, with a child in his arms. These are all called "new people", while the children of elves are the fairies themselves.

I am told that everything has its counterpart over there—that is, everything into which thought has been put. They have their ordinary clothes—that is, when they are not given away too soon. These must be parted from the earthly garments and brought away. Other things are not made but found. Said the man who talked with me, "Now a loom came over as early as 1868. It "stood there and had to be brought over." It is a cotton loom from Lowell, Mass.. The loom went to Cory, the maker. That loom was thirty-eight years building. Babcock has a printing-press—the

one he operated himself by foot-power. It came in fourteen years after his death. They tell me from Lowell, on consulting their books, that the girl who operated that loom left their employ with a lover, in 1868. The loom, afterwards, "wouldn't work" and was, finally, removed to an out-building, where it now stands. Hoe calls up a steam printing-press, now and then. They "come and go". Bach has his organ. A parlor organ came over in 1846, ticketed, "For Sale". There is an organ which nobody plays upon. There are a few pianos and one or two jews-harps. There are a few violins. The bass-viol is best represented, the trombone comes next. Guitars are there but I am told that the musician may fail. He may neither see nor hear. Hearing is rarer even than sight and the audience fails. Mendelsohn is heard by his sister. A blind lady is heard by the people, who know her. I heard a jews-harp, which was played for me. Bag-pipes are there—a half-dozen of them. I am told that it takes a master in the

art to bring a bag-pipe over. One of the bag-pipes says this is not quite true and some one tells me that the bag-pipes just walk in.

There are two Milwaukee churches there.* The Sycamore Street Baptist came over in 1868 and the Spring Street Baptist in 1874, the years in which they were built or, rather, corresponding with entries in the builder's books, marking the time when he "got those buildings out of his mind." If asked what they are doing there, they say they are "waiting to be filled". Both of these churches have been sold and are used for other purposes. A Pittsburgh church—the Penn Street Baptist—is there now and then. It seems to come and go. This church is still occupied. They have a way over there of putting things "where they belong" and there is a place for buildings. But these churches "want to go where the people are". Whitfield has his church and preaches in it every Sunday. He preaches of sin and of judgment to come. The old syn-

*These of course I had attended.

agogues are there and choral services are held in them now and then. All the great buildings of the past are there in their most splendid state. Antony first proposed noting when they came over. Caesar has been keeping a census of the heads of families. Whitfield's church did not come over until it had been pulled down. On inquiring they tell me that this church or "meeting-house" was always open for prayer. This church came over in a delapidated condition and had to be repaired. I am told to ask whether dwellings come over. As a rule, not. John Stuart Mill has the house that he built himself. Many marbles are there and I heard of a man, who paid \$1500 for a Damascus blade and then, had it pounded up into twenty-one pieces. The man died in an asylum and over there he has his big knife again, now and then. The little ones, too, come and go while the babies, he whittled, are with Corregio's in heaven.* The

*I have been told that this is an intermediate state—that from here, the people

type are there—not new type but worn type, they tell me. I am to say something more about the press. The printing press gets “tired”. To do good work it has to rest now and then. The loom, too, “gets weak” and one must have a number of knives. When a knife “gets heavy”, you drop it and take another. The “puddler”

go up and they go down.

*About babies again: once, I saw a big, sleepy, inside baby put into someone's arms. It was still a folded-up, creased-up baby and I learned that it had a hard time and the heart stopped beating before it was born. I learned that for children to be taken in charge, either the parents or the child must be known unto “them”. There must be something for the angels to get hold of. The baby can be taken from its mother, older children are more difficult to keep. I am told that the child must have religious aspirations. One little girl seemed to be safe because she knew Moses and “Jesus, of course”. About prayer: I found that these angels don't have a very clear understanding of what we need and in order to get help, it is necessary to state exactly what we want. These angels, themselves, are not sinless, they are, however, “without the stain of sin”. The Lord is guarded by a group of “holy ones”, so-called, because they never offend. In this group they talk about “Him, who sitteth upon the throne” and “who liveth forevermore” and it is not known how far prayer ascends. It is thought that the angels are made

puts his own energy into the ore, the roiling-mill is "alive". The manufacturers hate to "disturb" a printing press and this is the main reason for their patience in the matter of payment.

About the life over there:† the richness of this, depends upon one's capacity to see and hear and do. You see, too, only people and things that you know. The person who knows horses can find them. A boy over there can find and ride an ostrich and a dromedary because he had pictures of them in his geography at school. An old man tells me that prairie-hens are there. Some one asks whether there are snipe. The old man "doesn't know snipe".

I once asked what the prospect was—what the possibilities to know and made to do by the ruling powers. Years ago, when I was quite a young girl, I lost one of my Sunday-School scholars and the afternoon her life was despaired of, I prayed about it and I remember that my dishes were late in getting washed up. I am now told that a long while afterward, the prayer was remembered and a special guard was given to her. The mother at the time committed her to God—the whole family did—and she was "come after" and "introduced".

pect was, what the possibilities were. Shakespeare said that advance was to be looked for, he thought, in the manipulation of that form of matter, that the present generation have scientific attainments not before possessed. He thought the appreciation of his works, rather extravagant. He wondered that something better had not come to the front.* Unremoved disease is a bad thing to carry over there. They don't like people with holes in them, either.

One of my hospital patients told me that when she came over they asked her if she had a home and she had no home. Then they asked her how she had been taken care of and they put her among the people who had homes because she came over clean.

*I did hear from Chaucer, too, but it was said that he lived in the Third Century and that he was Irish, living near Dublin. This was so different from what I had been taught that I was unable to put it down. The Tales were composed for an occasion—a series of banquets given in Dublin in honor of Queen Ethelfrida, an Irish girl, who pleased the King. They were told in colloquial Irish and were afterwards written out in Latin by Brother Onesimus, who was there to receive the homage done to the

I was told something, too, about the deity—at least, about the yellow god—he is most splendid. He is yellow all^e through and his garments are of red and of blue. When the sun is golden, it is because he is there. I am told to add something about burial. The soul is interested in the body until it commences to decay. The body must not be sealed up. If in a ventilated casket—a pine box is best—it may be put into a receiving vault—I am told that we need a House of the Dead—it should be left exposed to the air until decomposition is established. I have learned something too—a little—about the Court of Heaven and the under-world but I need not tell what I know for

Queen. In writing even a sentence about these men—they all must have their own words used. The Romans correct me, too, on English pronunciation. To please them, every syllable must have its full value. Several of them spoke to me. The greatest of the Romans did not speak, I am told that Cæsar was like Grant. The commentaries were written by Sempronius and Suetonius. All of these men belonged to the black race. the Rhman cohorts were blacks and Cleopatra—a black woman—is the syren of the ages. Cicero is pronounced Sisero,

Milton has written about the one and Dante has written about the other. Milton really saw these arch-angels cast down—as if from a height. Both Dante and Milton were considered, indeed by the people of their generation. Both were *mind-read*. Christ was mind-read for the three years, preceding his public ministry. Mind-reading means, I am told, attention from the heavenly powers. Mahomet was mind-read and it was during this time that he gathered together the Faithful and put a sword into their hands against the Moslem and the his Orations were composed in English, which they had as the learned tongue out of Hindostan. Cicero's mother and nurse spoke only Hindostanee. Scipio Africanus was the father of both Caesar and Cicero. The Orations were written up by Suetonius, another brother. They were done in Romanesque. Cicero's audience was composed altogether of his own brothers and sisters and they did not want him to do that orating. Caesar, in fact, would not hear him at all† and this was the reason for the writing up. The Orations were sent after him and Suetonius went along to to see that they were read. "Caesar was difficult to follow, Cicero was easy—he fired the soul". Scipio spoke to me, too. He told me something and added, "We never have understood what your Christ came to do"—he is tho' the man of

†Caesar was, now and then, made one audience. His presence was then secured by putting him in chains. Thus, Cicero's audience was such a one.

Turk. David commanded Moham-ed—he would rather have served Christ. There was a great mind-reading at the time of the establishment of the Heptarchy. They wanted that Magna Charta right. When the Declaration of Independence was constructed, They were there and, when the Constitution was framed, a regular council was called and the masters of Roman Law were present.

About the Bible: when the New Testament was constructed, Christ, himself, corrected the gospels while Paul was assisted in his interpretations by the churches of Asia Minor.* Christ had a twin-brother. He was the elder

the ages and they will fall into line if they can find out how to do it.

* I learned something about the Book of Job. That book was dictated to a man in Syria, named Job, in the third century. It was given in English. The New Testament was given to a number of men and women in the Eastern Hemisphere at about the same time. The third Epistle of John was given in Greek, the rest was in English. Scipio lived fifteen centuries before Christ, Moses, thirty centuries. The climate was different then. Ice-bergs floated down near Rome. Chrysostom took down the New Testament—part of it, anyway—and printed it. He used a crank-press, with foot-power. He did it in an excavated hole in

but was malformed. This man was Josephus. John the, Baptist, put the Testament—he put the whole Bible, indeed, into literary shape. Shakespeare's Plays were stage-set, before written. He knew the people and found them something to do. Desdemona, herself, was the person who wrote them. Shakespeare was the magician—he got tho people together and this was the way he did it. He loaned money and usury is not the word—he required those people to come down and appear on his boards. They were to do what they liked and when they got tired they were to go off. The main character created himself. Romeo made himself, of course. The Midsummer Night's Dream is hers while King Lear was given to her father because they thought, that she could take it down. Bacon furnished the Winter's Tale. The Tempest was by the Grand Duke—Gloster, himself.

the ground. The type was of wood—it was costly—he had only a little, printed off and threw in. 300 was the first edition. Poor people were the buyers, at first—they wanted the book. As many as a dozen infringements, too, were in the market at once.

Cthellic was there. Antony and Cleopatra were brought on. The Prince of Denmark came to show them something about art and Hamlet is a result. Demona created Gobbo and, in fact, she chased the clown all through. Lancelot was always love and that was what made it so easy for him to grow fonder in rhyme—he was in love with himself, he was in love with himself, he was in love with himself—with every trick and gesture of himself. Her work hasn't been acknowledged before on account of the Grand Duke. Richard was made a hunch-back, too, so that he could not personate the Grand Duke down there. Gloucester cut him through with a sharp sword. Shakespeare lived in Rome, fifteen centuries, B. C. The Plays were given in English—it was the only language they knew—that any body knew. This don't mean the people, of course or, at least, the black people. In remote antiquity there was a great England, called Angle Land—land of the angels—it was, then, broken up and, in the

South and West, over-run by the Blacks. Shakspeare was Sulpurnius under the Roman Law. The Grand Duke was Shakspeare's son. Africanus made Rome and the Roman Empire one and indivisible by routing the Grand Duke, who was taken and crucified. He sent for Desdemona and she died by the rack and screw. It was not hard for her to go. She was a Castillian—she was a slave in Rome. She was owned at one time by Calphurnius so that she was called Calphurnia, as well as Sulphurnia in Rome. She, once, too, personally, quelled an insurrection. Cicero was made to come before the mob and Brutus said that she would like to hear Sulphurna speak and she did him Iago in her own bed-room and he went away, satisfied that she could rule Rome. She was so important, because Calphurnius, who was the Grand Duke, by inheritance, went out of his mind, now and then, to go up to sit upon the throne of the universe. The dominion of the English King includes the other world.

Desdemona* was a Jewess. She became the slave wife of Calphurnius, during the time when he governed Castile. Desdemona was a child of the harem of David. The throne of David was in Spain and the temple was there. The Temple is the Alhambra. David was called Hannibal in Rome. Abisa was Mehtabel, Generalissimo under David, the King. He bought Bathsheba out of Hindostan. She was the first white woman, David had seen. Yes, he had Carthage and Jerusalem, of course, but he liked Spain mainly on her account. He built Granada for her. Hannibal was confined in the Keep of the Capitoline Hill and was, finally, turned out in an emaciated, enfeebled condition and died of cold and hunger in the streets of Rome. They did not execute him, because he carried the Man of God. Bathsheba was the real historian of the Punic wars and David had to tell her now and then that she wrote up her own man in the field too much and well, the King had done him to

the death and she wrote the story to make things more even. Absalom was along. Both Absalom and Solomon were sons of Mehitabel. Jehosophat was David's own son by a Queen Esther out of Siam, who was the Susannah, in whose name the temple was dedicated.

David was the man who met Cyrus and he visited the far East a number of times. In the East he was sometimes called Alexander. He carried war and havoc even into the Roman Quaternions. This work was adjudged to him, he thinks, in order to spread the knowledge of the Most High. The temple was his greatest undertaking and he kept Solomon to the work, even after his death. It was built in Spain, because Castile seemed the place for magnificence and he found there a sufficient rocky foundation. they all spoke English,—it was the language of the Man of God.

Desdemona* was forty eight

*And now Desdemona corrects me on literary construction. She says that the sentence is ended, when the meaning is clear. There is another who can write—

when she commenced to act at a time when they were required to amuse the barbarian horde, which over-ran Rome.

I am told told, too, that Don Quixote is older than we think. The beginning of the Christian Era is Cervantes' date.

I am asked to explode another literary fallacy. Washington did not use a hatchet, when he cut the cherry tree—he used the jack-knife, his father gave him on his last birth-day and he was not a little fellow—he was sixteen years old.

Bathsheba. She was the Pearl of Cashmere—she is Moore. She is, too, the historian of the Yang tse Kiang. She is the the author of Solomon's Song, which she not only composed but sang on the installation of Solomon—it is the mother to her son. Desdemona is Spenser and Una was a baby-girl. She is Keats and Longfellow, even. She and Bathsheba are the guardians of the English tongue—they are Noah Webster.

Something more about Desdemona: once she drove a chariot in the races. She drove, sitting, and yet came out with Nero in her rear. He says he gave up—he saw a man, standing, in front of her. She had asked the Grand Duke to see her through and he asked David to help. The Grand Duke thinks that he drove and David rode the horse.

ALL THIS HERE IS ANECDOTE

I have avoided details in regard to moral government, too; for they are in the Bible, all the

About the Song: I am told that Solomon said to his mother, "You don't want this to go to the type-setting men," and that he, himself, set it up. This was, too, their way of securing their copyright. Solomon did have to be urged on with the Temple. It was a costly thing to do and the exchequer was low: the wars did not continue.

Something more about Shakespeare. Desdemona says that she got her stuff from a man, who lived a thousand years previously. The man's name was Porkshire. The name, Shakespeare, is assumed. A man, Jones, received the stuff, verbatim. He then interpolated and changed the name. Endymion has been preserved without alterations. Porkshire got his matter word by word, from a man, who lived in Assam, over a thousand years before, who called himself, Christ. Porkshire lived in Hindostan. He says that Rome existed in his day as a small place, commencing to be over-run by Whites from Babel Mandeb.

Another thing: they stole her Iago. The Duke said that it must not be lost and rewrote it or together they rewrote it, mainly, as it now stands. And the Prince of Denmark had a real grievance—he thought himself the rightful heir to the titles of the Grand Duke. The Plays were at one time her own property. The principal character, ostensibly wrote the Play and then gave it to her. They later became the property of Sulphurnius in this way. Desdemona became at one time the slave of Sulphurnius in return for the Grand Duke's ransom and later gave up the Plays as the price of her own.

words of which seem literally, true.* To be *lost*, is, not to be found. *Death* means extinction. To be *damned* is to be shut up—to be confined in an enclosed space. From the Godhead proceed both light and heat. It is cold where God is not and the lost wander in outer darkness—"blackness and thick darkness, forevermore". People, all the time, too, go over into *the abyss*—they are thrust§ over, because they poison the moral atmosphere. Vice can be continued. Drunkenness is especially regretted. The *saved*, are the known.† People are saved, too,

About type-setting: John the Baptist set type—it was not an undignified occupation—not unsuitable for a gentleman by birth. No, it was not especially remunerative—his occupation seldom is—he is not fitted for the earth—he is from on High.

*The fairy tales and the tales of ogres and giants seem to be true, too.

§The majority of mankind are shoved over without judgment. Recently, they have tried to save the children and they are purposely removed by death. In Paradise, I am told, they wear their best clothes all the time—has her things on to go da-das, one says—they don't have to learn, they don't have to go to bed and they have a Kris Kingle the whole year through.

†Genius is saved—genius is the gift of the gods and is known unto them.

because they know the men, who know the angels or God. So, they cluster about these—Adam the patriarchs, Mahomet and others—the greatest of them is Christ. I am told that Christ—the real Christ is in hell. Here, he protects those, who name His Name. These are here, because, unfit for any other place. I am told of two places of confinement—hell and the under-world. In the under-world, are people, who hide themselves. In hell, are people who are dangerous to the government.† The object of the government—the main object—is to preserve order—to keep things so as to escape the attention of “Him, who rideth upon the heavens”, who “will laugh at your calamity”, who “will mock, when your fear cometh”. But Christ has to be in hell, anyway, I am told;

The works of genius also seem to be immortal—they seem to have a soul. In 1794. the Sistine Madonna was found among the children in Paradise and they thought it “a real Mamma and baby”.

†The ruler is, in a way, elected. From out of eternity, the man stands in the arena, to be challenged to single combat. No, he does not “plant his man” and he

because he suffers so much, that he cannot be tolerated. He suffers for "the glory, which he had with the Father, before the world was." —his work is spoken of as a failure —his people do not cease from sin —they displease Him, who is the God of the Harvest and must not be troubled by suffering and sin.* And they are all troubled, finally—troubled by Christ; for, "Why does he take it so hard?" they say—"Why does he take it so hard?"

he leaves himself; able to carry his opponent out.

*I am told that offenses against good taste rank as sins. Among these, is uncleanness of both body and mind.

I am asked to tell anything more, that I know about the other world. Associated with the earth, are a number of disks or planes of varying degrees of sky-altitude. Hell is said to be under the earth, the Under-world seems to be an excavation near its surface. These regions are occupied by people, who seem to be, like ourselves, but "people from out of eternity", I am told. These people may come to the earth, as did Christ—they then have strange powers. The "Ye must be born again", was said unto them. They are women-men and born with an inclusion-cyst, containing babies, about an inch long—fifty-nine, in the case of "Jesus, who is called Christ". These were adopted by wealthy families of Judaea and all lived. They are now the false Christs, or

the New Dispensation. One of them is a fair man. The original of our fair Christ seems to be, however, the Man of Assam. Such a cluster may furnish what is called a "made man". Several men may be sacrificed and parts taken from the several. These are put together and animated by what is called the "man of the family". Weeks or months may be required, to complete the knitting together. The caboose of a locomotive is the usual place. I saw into it once. The men, who furnished the parts, were there. The new man was there and at his head sat a robed figure—a man—who smoothed his face and called him, "Son of my Love". The Risen Christ was a "made man"—this was the reason, they spiked his feet. The body was furnished by Simon of Cyrene. He tried the doubles and found them neither long enough, nor broad enough. Recently, I saw a large man—a man, with a clear skin and dark brown hair and with him was a large, fair man. They talked together and the fair man said, he would stay four days. Would not four days be suitable? I am told that he was dead and returned to his body on the fourth day.* A "made man" means that a god has come to the earth. He gives life to a family and then comes in the person of his son. There is another Christ—a woman-man. This is the one, pictured in "Christ by the Wayside" and the young man is her son. The girl is his cousin. Both children were crucified, because they would not deny her. 'She was crucified in Rome with the head down, several years after the great crucifixion. The boy, Jesus, was taken home soon after his appearance in the Temple—he was told that he had done enough. He has a good time—fishes, and plays golf—tennis is a kind of golf. He admires John—John, the Baptist—and

*In the Spring of 1898.

wants us to know more about him. Another, lived at the same time in Tyrene and perished by the rack and pinion and he is told that he did not die for naught. Then, there is the sufferer." There is no conflict between these men. "They are not not around at the same time." I am asked to tell, anything more about the government. There is first, the Lord Jesus and he he was on the earth before—he was Ahashuerus. There is another—a man, that looks like a New York broker, who, now and then, takes the throne with a sword in his hand. By active government, he shelters the earth from Jah. By his presence, the Lord Jesus, in turn, shelters from this man's judgements. Thus Christ, too, rules and his, too, is a kingdom with a kingdom. What he gains, the other does not lose. I am told that this New York man made the Kate-Greenaway-book. Another man is now Kris Kingle—he was the man of the Old Testament he was Fingalt—he was Wiggins. In appearance, he might be a country lawyer. Another is now on the earth trying to improve the condition of the working man. He wanted to make himself, a Christ—he was Nimrod—he was Leather-stocking. Another, is a spare, dark-complexioned man, who was Whiting, Prime Minister of England before Disraeli. Whiting left sons one of whom was our our own Lincoln.† Another is

— "This man is the man of Nazareth—the man, we commonly mean, when we speak of Jesus, who is called, Christ. I asked which one it was and was answered from above, "He is a man, who is called, Christ and sometimes, he suffers so much that he shakes things".

Lincoln received an extraneous head in his twenty-third year. He was a year and a half, learning to use it and he gave it up in his twenty-ninth year. I am told that the head can be used, even from the first, but it is not fast—you cannot get up. Lincoln's head went in one direction and his body, in another, while his name and, for a time, the soul, even, remained with another man. The head had been previously possessed by Washington Irving, by his daughter, Mary Washington Irving, by Mary, the daughter of Franklin, by Thackeray, a Mary Jones, a man, named Jones, Addison, a man—Spectable—it has been in the world from a very remote time. A curious thing about this head is, that it always produces a little paper. It started the "Petit Journal" of France. Addison asked Steele for the head and the "Spectator" was a result. It did the "Hawk-eye Union" for Lincoln, the "Barnston Gazette" for Mary Jones, the "Tarrytown Gazette" for Washington Irving, the "Tarrytown Quibbler" for his daughter, the "Scribbler" for Thackeray, the "Philadelphia Herald" for Franklin and the "Union" for his daughter. Gamaliel had it from his ninth year. He published a paper, called the "Restrum" He gave the head to his daughter, Lizzie, in her nineteenth year and she published the "Nazareth Herald". Jesus had it for six years and, during this time, he, too, published a paper, the "Naz-

concerned in the configuration of the continents. The people again ask me about salvation. Safety seems to be assured in two ways: first, by innocence. The innocent and the guilty are not together. The guilty do not want the society of the innocent. The boy, Jesus, thinks that innocence can be cultivated. John does not—he says, "Create in me a new heart and renew a right spirit within me." The second way is salvation by Christ and I am told that the Lord is still Mighty to Save. He still Saves to the Uttermost. It is necessary, however, to be near Christ, to be safe in the Day of His Wrath and, even this, does not save the guilty, for, only innocence or true repentance cares to stay near the Lord.

Birth Obituary". The head produces a paper without memory, without tradition even, for its new possessor usually is ignorant of its previous history. The head of Lincoln was given to a child, three years old, and she, at the age of thirteen, got up a manuscript paper for her "Literary Society". Minomet had the head and with it, founded the Mecca Gazette. A curious thing is that the brain is not, necessarily, transferred with the head. The new possessor grows a new brain. "Fits" have always been associated with the head. Three were cured in the present possessor. A great operation was done upon the head, I am told, by a man, named Cass, who is Cass, formerly of England. The head does other literary work, too, of course. It did Timothy Titmouse. It did the Lilliputians, which is Addison's work. With it, Gonnelle did the Talmud, which was the Book of the Law in Christ's time. Previously there was a compilation by Job, called Proverbs and Lamentations. The Book of Job was included in the Lamentations. Job lived 800 years. B. C. Tenneyron had the head from 1848 to 1850 and he says that he did not have to learn to read with the head but he did have to learn to write. The letters did not come at all. Tenneyron did Mand during this time and he "loved himself with this head. Another peculiarity of the head is that it contains three little babies, little boys and girls, they are called. After the Lord's death, nine little boys were taken from the head. One of these lived to be Herod the Great. The child, who carried the cyst, was furnished by a man, named Herod. He was a Child of Promise and there was no difficulty about getting the babies of the cyst adopted. Gonnelle took charge of the boy, himself. Joseph took charge of the twin. The boy, himself never arrived at the dignity of his office and died in his twentieth year. John was obtained from the Maccabees.

All head-children, (all cyst-children, all these little live things, it may be) are of special value, they are the literature, art and mechanics of the future. They create employment, they put the implements of wealth, the luxuries, which win money into our lands. Edison is a head-child, I am told. Gould was taken from a cyst. Something more about these babies: I am told that a hen ate up such a little baby and two weeks afterward, an angel-chicken, or bird, came right through the back of the hen and later three roosters and a number of hens gathered around the man and tried to tell him something and the news he spread. All the chickens know about it and, they say, "The Day-spring from on High, hath visited us".

Oswan lived 1800 years A. D. Oswan was a swine-herd. He memorized poetry and transmitted it thus to his son. He did not write. Oswan loved Ethelvorden, the Queen, and the Queen loved the man, who recited so well. Love seems to be a very important matter in Paradise. The youngest lovers I saw were, one fifteen months and the other, eighteen months, going on two years. They don't seem to talk but now and then, he takes a marble from his apron pocket and puts it into her hand.

The continents and islands are, now and then, moved around like the pieces of a dissected map. In ancient times, I am told, England was down by Hindostan, Ireland was up, near Iceland, while Scotland was one of the Hebrides. The larger cities are built on islands and can be separately dislodged and moved. New York City was moved across the Atlantic in 1798. It came with 10000 inhabitants. Ten days were occupied by the crossing and storms were encountered. These statements have, however, no authoritative value. They were obtained, like the rest of the book by "talking 'em thru' the air". "talking in vain", they called it in ancient times.

The two little people—one, three
and the other, four years old—who
kissed each other on the earth (one
day, when the Girl was hanging out
the clothes, Arthur brought her a
candy-roll and he said, "here it is",
and he said, "tell me off" And the
Girl said, "Yes". "Then give it to
me". And she came out. And
they sat on the step. And she told
him a secret—die had to die. And
he said, he would go with her, if he
could. And now, they hold hands
again, in Paradise. They are togeth-
er a day and Arthur brushes the
dirt off of her, when she sits down
and, at night, they "lean hard
against each other, between the
branches of a bush or a tree".

To a little girl too, who "luba doll".
Both are dead. They went together
and, by day, the baby still drags
brush around among the fallen leaves
of an autumn woods, while "dod"
runs, here and there, and scares up a
bird or two and, at night, he says,
"llole" and takes her to a place, he
has dug out in the side of the hill, and
she puts her head on the brown dog
and they go to sleep together

Appendix II.

(Children in Paradise)



AMY'S mother has her two hands to her head and her eyes bent down to a printed page. And so, the angels have built her a little platform to which she can come, now and then. And this platform just reaches a bang, which she puts into order, touching it up, first with one little hand and then, with the other, standing back, now and then, to admire her work. Sometimes, she stoops down to whisper into her ear or, to pat the side of her face. Once, Amy appeared, trailing a sheet held at the peck with both hands. Another time, she seemed to have been made Queen of the Fairies, for the angels had given her a gorgeous robe—white, embroidered with gold, like the priest's robe. But clothes don't suit Amy very well. She is only a baby, you know, and usually, she is just herself. And never did a baby have a better time. She has a teeter in the air. Now, she rides her teeter, standing in the middle, and now, she spolls the teeter to slide down on the board. But she gets tired, too,

and, when she is tired, she turns around and jumps into the arms of the angel, that takes care of her and buries her head in his shoulder. There are other little ones around. One two-year-old baby is always bundled up. She is going somewhere and her far mittens give her trouble. She has a wagon and a little brother to drive. I couldn't see what was pulling but I saw the wagon dash up in great style and it might have been a goat; although they do say that a big dog over there does that and he is so smart that he can even harness himself in. (I am told, later, that it was a hobby-horse and an EXPRESS wagon.) These two are Lizzie Grace and Ralphy. Another boy shows his two hands and makes to me the letters of the Deaf and Dumb alphabet. He was deaf and dumb and blind on the earh. Now he can see like other people. A little boy "can't talk good". He is rosy and fat but he has a tube in his neck. He stays around in the grounds of the Staten Island Nursery—the place where he was sick. I am told that they like to be there. Another little boy has always, important business on hand. He feeds the "ok-ken", he says, but they are horses, I see—Bob and Ned and Old Kato. Snap, I see, too, and Polly is near Charley, the colt, can be called. Kate died, I am told, quietly. Polly was kicked to death and the

others got raring rampageous and were killed. The horses are in the Open and the little boy sits on a scaffolding, which just reaches their mouths. His brother calls him the "little tenner" and he, himself, isn't very big. He isn't very big but he once, had a most astonishing piece of work to do. He had to do nothing less than to come back to the earth—and not to a place that he knew. He had to go to New York City. Think of that! And, not even to a quiet street but down-town, he had to go. Think of that! And into a great office-building—and all because of what do you think? Just because some one had told him his sister was going to be married—he said, to find out how he was going to like him. So he went down to New York City and down into the street and up in the elevator, I suppose. Any way, he got there, into the office and stood around. And what do they said to him? They said, "Little fellow, put on your clothes, so that we can tell whether you are a boy or a girl". And so, he had to go back and come again. The next time, he had on his clothes all right but, after all, they were only girls' clothes; for, he was just a baby-boy yet, don't you know. So they had to find out by the curl on the top of his head, that it was really a little boy, who had come down to New York, to take care of his sister. Then, they asked,

"Which of us do you want?" And he took his finger out of his mouth and said, "Zou". Another time, there was a man—it might have been Moses—who wanted to know whether they spoke in the right way about Him and Alle was sent and they called him an ambassador for Christ. He has another important piece of work to do—he takes care of Susie. He takes care of Susie because she is Susie and Susie was the rubber doll with the hole top and bottom. The top hole is in the tip of the nose and the other, where it always is. I am told, who still has inside, rattling around, the things we put into her. There is another doll in a box—Kate—A very grand doll in a yellow satin dress, and Hattie takes care of her but Hattie is really more interested in her cat. This cat now and then, makes himself very thin and long. I am told that he "dis stwings his-sef out, betoz he don't know what Hattie is doin to do netst" I ask whether she is not hurting the cat and I am that Sam Patch, of course, doesn't like to be got out of shape but he doesn't mind her doing it and Old Lady Spink says, that the cat was "too good for the yearth". Once, on the earth, there was a man, who wanted a fur coat and Sam Patch was promised to him with other cats for its manufacture. He was tied up in a bag and put into the wagon, behind the seat, to be

taken away. Then the Man went into the house and while he was gone, the horse ran off with the wagon and, when found, the bag was not there. So, Sam Patch was lost on the earth and for nine days, we knew nothing about him at all and then, he was brought back and we were told that the bag was found, down by the brook. But, even then, Sam Patch did not really return. He stayed only a while and then, again disappeared, this time, mysteriously, and for three months. I am now told how it all happened. Somebody cared for Sam Patch—it was Ike. And Ike, said to the horse, "Go", before he went off and the horse ran away to the brook. Ike found them here, untied the bag and left it, because there were weasies here, and a musk-rat or two and, of course, the water was there. And so, the cat stayed there nine days and, when the kittens were big enough, they were brought to the barn. Here, another disaster threatened them. A cow wanted to eat those kittens up. This danger was, for a time, averted by moving them from one place to another in the barn. Finally, to secure their safety, they were taken to the woods. Here, their mother took care of them for the three months. I am told that this man, who saved them all was—who, do you think? Nobody less, it said, than Isaac, of old, who stays

on the earth, to take care of his flocks and herds—such a powerful friend had Sam Patch. They have school, over there, now and then, too. But, I am told that it is the girls, who want to go to school. "Boys wide the zebay", they say. I found out, later, that the boys do not always ride alone. One boy can ride, standing, and, I am told in a reliable way, that he "taached his little girl to stit on". They ride a horse and they think that it is a circus horse. But this is not all. I am told that a little boy is invited by the rhinoceros to the tombs of the desert, where he has his lair. He says that it is suitable for him to be there, as they are in a state of decay. He would take a man—a poet, perhaps—but, he would rather take children, as one never knows what a man will do and he won't have those tombs disturbed. The rhinoceros says that he has to be wise in this matter, because somebody has to be wise. This rhinoceros was 400 years old. He says that many of the large animals are good to children. The camelopard is safe, the elephant, too, is safe. Both of these animals live so long on the earth, that they are said to be 999 years old. I asked about the hippopotamus, because he is, in the menagerie, so near. They say that he doesn't do, because he goes in the water. Here, he sees that the bull-frog doesn't sing in too

high a key. He also admonishes the pig, when required. I am told that, "the uphelant and the pld" take care of their babies, over there, so as to give the little girls time. The pig looks after the baby in a very wise way and carries her with his teeth. I am told that "she lites the pld and the pld lites her". Somebody asks whether this is a Mamma-pig and a little girl looks up at him and says, "Be you a Mamma-pig? or be you not?" and now, she tells me that the pld don't know". Two other babies seem to be always drumming with a plate and each has a long napkin, tied around the neck and each, a cup with, For a Good Girl, and, For a Good Boy, on it. Now and then, too, they kiss each other—these two do—with a big baby-kiss. But Amy doesn't know these children so well as she does a little boy on the earth, Amy tells us that this little boy says, "mind-wed", while she says, "mind-read. But then, Amy, you know, is always near the book, so it is not surprising that she pronounces well—she is always so near the book; while the boy can only make things out of a potato—that is, he can, when his grandmother lets him have the potato-knife. But, even Amy, doesn't always succeed; for she says that she is not always Amy. When she is good, she is "Edif". There was another baby there, brought

by its mother. I am told that it slipped forward out of its mother and somebody caught it in a blanket, as it fell. When I saw it, the woman was giving it to the grandfather. And the grandfather said, "How wrinkled up it is"—it was so squeezed together. And the great-grandfather said that the mother just brought it to show it off, for that baby did not stay. Its mother took it back to the earth. It comes, still, once in a while though. And what do you think for? The angel part of the baby goes over there, just to have a dry ddy put on and, I suspect that, it is not quickly changed on the earth. But even people, who belong there, come and go. There is a little boy who comes to my shoulder—with warmth, he comes to my shoulder—like a little love, he kneels on my shoulder, as I stand at a certain door. I am told, he welcomes me to a house, and a door, that he knows. There is a dog, up there, too, who came to the earth, once, several days in succession. And he came down in order to go to school with a little girl, that I knew. In school, he lay on the floor by her side and at noon-time, he took her home. Now, soon after that, the little girl died and I think that the dog helped the angels to bring her away, for Lydia was taken up on high. Carlo once saved a man's life—that is the kind of a dog that he was. Lydia could make poetry and, I think

that God heard her; for, I am told that he gathers the children, he over. Now, children are the same here, as they were on the earth and Lydia tells me that, when she looks up at Him, she still has to say her For Jesus' sake, Amen. They hope that, bye-and-bye, we will all cease from sin and try to please God—look up with clear eyes unto Him. For Jesus still suffers, they say, and the time seems long. All the children up there appear to work a little. One helps Moses clean out the letters of the Law—she knows them by heart. The Commandments are cut out stone, as it were, and they get dim—the letters do—or covered over with dust. All the children like Moses. Another person, they like, is the Lord himself. And so, the angels have made a little step at his feet for the children to sit down upon and one little boy is so afraid of losing Jesus, that he runs up and sits down there very often. He has been told that they must stay near to him, to be safe in the day of His wrath, for the ground is shifting sand. I am told of other ground, which is high and firm and of girls, who climb the grape-vine swing on the hills of our God. One—a girl in a red dress—has been brought near unto Him and, I am told, she becomes the Courts of Glory. There is a group, too, of Catholic choir children there and they sing, now and then, to

And out if they are right in His
 sight, I asked who heard them sing
 and they said that, they think, they
 sing unto God. Amy has now a dress,
 cut from the azure robe of night,
 I am told. A little boy, too, has a blue
 dress, embroidered with blue, which
 his Mamma made on the earth.
 He "wemembers his dress", I am
 told, because it is most beautiful.
 And there is a yellow tiger, who loves
 a little girl—they call him her tiger-
 tut. Then, there is a lion, who seems
 to be always gnawing a bone. He
 says that he gnaws the bones of his
 enemies. He really seems to chew
 them up. And he seems to have a
 certain contempt for the young lion—
 that is what he really is, I am told—
 because he sits up so straight like a
 cat and lets himself be petted and
 dressed up. Another baby has a pig—a
 funny pig—to take care of him. This
 pig runs around after his tail, as it
 were. In reality, he is a very cunning
 pig and he wants us to know about
 him. He says, he was in Barnum's
 Show on the earth and he can gal-
 lop and trot most amazingly. A boy
 does a very surprising thing, too. He
 runs an elevator. A curious thing
 about this elevator is that he don't
 need to get in himself, I saw him
 stand below and watch it go up and
 I know that it stopped at the right
 place, for the Lord, himself, went up
 once and he lives quite a distance
 upwards. I am told that any boy,
 who is old enough, has a good time.
 Once, there were two boys, who

went out in a boat on the earth and were drowned. Their mother, of course, felt badly and she kept on grieving for many years. when, all the time, they were enjoying themselves. "They can whistle up the wind", too, I am told. I find that this means that this means that they can make things go. Another boy is to visit the Forum to hear Cicero speak. I think this, rather a fine thing for a boy to do but I was surprised at them for all that—they can't manage a Wheel. There is a little Safety up there with a loose rubber tire. I told them, I knew that bicycle, as well as a Pneumatic, which is there in good shape. And now, they say that when these Wheels came in, the angels did not know even, what they were for. So, they asked an expert, who might be called an engineer, if he were not such a very little boy. Well, the young engineer called it, a wrong kind of a velocipede. He said that the dealers should be told. He called it, "a thing that lies on its side", and he said, he was sure that you would have to hold it up and sit on it at the same time, which, he was sure nobody, at all could do. But now, I learn of one, who comes and goes before them, as they say it, "flying a wheel"—they thought it an Angel of Light and that the wheel was a part of him. And what do you think? It is just Laura, a girl, who rides her Papa's machine. She says that it comes to her like

a horse, when it's called. They see, she thinks, only herself and the wheel, that her feet touch. I find that the angels didn't know about the pid or the ephelant, either—they didn't even know what pid meant. As for the elephant, they saw him and asked him what he was doing there and the elephant said, he was there to "see those eh'yuns play". I can't tell half the things that good children do. Of course, if they are not good, they don't have a good time there, any more than here and some of them must even be put away to stay with older people. I found, over there, a little girl, who belongs to me and, who calls herself, "Dust, Surah's Duri", still. And what do you think she was doing?—saying her One, Two and this is the way, she did it. She said, "One, Two: button my shoe". And it seemed to be morning; for, she stooped down and buttoned up her little shoes. Then, she said, "Three, Four: go to the door". And then, she went to a door and opened it and went out, I think; for, when she said, "Five, Six: pick up sticks", she had an arm-ful of dry bits of wood and, when she said, "Seven, Eight: lay them straight", she put them down and brushed off her hands. She must wash her "paddies", now and then, but always she keeps her white dress clean. Now comes a most surprising part; for, when she said, "Nine, Ten: a good fat hen", the hen appeared—it was a white

her—and she took it up into her arms for a minute and then, let her go. She has, too, a set of A B C blocks—white and red, as bright and shiny as can be. A little girl, who calls herself "Tatie", tells me something more. The baby looks troubled, now and then, and Tatie says, "See dis knows see must do what is wight and see doesn't know Desus. See has to do wight by herself". The baby wasn't a Sunday School girl—there was nobody to take her. She wasn't a Kindergarten girl, even—she was too yittle. Now, there is a boy there, whose father took him to church and, when his sister went in, he was baptized, too, although he was only four years old. A most strange thing happened to him, later. He was asked to do something, he thought, wrong. He was asked whether he would do this or whether he would be cut up into pieces and Laurie said, he would be cut up, if they had to do it. And he was cut up and, after a time, he died. Then, over there, he made an angel of the Most High. This was not done at once—they thought that he did not know what it really meant. But Laurie said that he did understand, that he did pray and that the glory did come down to him, also. And Laurie asked to be made able to put the power into steel; for, he was to have been a steel man on the earth—his grandfather was a puddler and he puddled main well. And so, power was given unto Laurie and he

became an angel of the Most High. There is another boy there, who came over, sick, and this boy, who came n sick, asked to see Jesus, because he cured sick people on the earth. Anybody can do this. Anothr thing: they say that children can stay around their homes, until an angel comes to take them away—of course, they would be little ghosts, then. One girl, ten years old, sits in a tree. She says that strong hands put her there. She has on a big, brown ulster and she sits in the tree, because it is wet and slushy on the ground. Higher up, in the top of the tree, the wind rocks the branches, too much. "Surah's girl" stayed in the hall, until a sister—eight years old—came to her. Then, they both waited out-of-doors for a little brother, who brought away with him, the Mamma's shawl. It was soft and big and Hattie wrapped it around all of them. Then, they waited until a strong man came and, one by one, put them over the wall, which surrounds Paradise. Here, it is warm and, in some places, the birds sing all day long. Some little girls find "flowers", too. There are three of them and they are just babies, eighteen months old. All day, they play in the grass and, at night, they lie down close together in a shed and one of them watches, while the other two sleep; for, something might frighten them—it might be a man. A sheep, even, could "frighten" them. Once, I saw a coal fire, near them,

in a portable grate. There are some more babies, who just lie down in the grass—they are so little, that only God can take care of them.

This story was to be illustrated and the children have handed pictures down. They are cut from something like paper and the pig is as big as the elephant. Now, I don't want to offend the elephant and so, they are not put in. I am asked to tell something else. Yesterday, a young girl died. And they say that her face shone; for, "Larry came for her". And there were others—"the room was full, when they came for her". And, this morning, I see a girl with red cheeks, her hair, blowing in the wind—the winds of Paradise. For they asked Larry, what he would like to bring her away in. And Larry asked for a buggy. And he held the horse, while she came to him. And he took her to be registered. And their names were written in the Book of Life. I saw a girl, too, industriously tanning and another, crocheting and I asked what this was for. And I was told that 'Delle sells her work for 10 cents a yard and Emma, here, for \$1 a whorl. I am asked to tell, too, "in the book", that the girl with the bicycle visits her father and that people look after her as she "bowl through hell". She finds roads and a track, even, wrip for her machine.

I am asked why I know so many children in Paradise. The story is a sad one. These children, all but one or two, met violent deaths—some, with their hands over their heads and some, with their hands at their sides—and their sacrifice was due to people and conditions introduced among us by a foreign government. I hope, however, that their deaths will not be in vain—that such iniquities will be made impossible—that England will hear and understand—that they have died for the Republic of the future.

THE NIGHTINGALE

159 W. 31, New York

EDITED BY

SARAH H. POST, M. D.

March 25th 1893.

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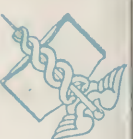
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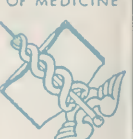
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